

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,546

JULY 15, 1899

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE CRAMERIC, July 15, 1879

A DICTIONARY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF REFERENCE

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IT is unquestionably a habit of the Anglo-Saxons to do more than they seem to be doing, to accomplish the day's work without any superfluous eagerness of gesticulation. The Empire extends itself without needless fuss and fanfaronade; mistakes are rectified and misdoers punished without unnecessary gnashings of the national teeth; one Government succeeds another without aligning the Guards in Parliament Street; and the intricate mechanism of English life revolves with as little creaking and clanging as possible.

In the matter of secondary education this silent system of inconspicuous achievement is perhaps carried to an extreme. If we beat the drum a little more, we should be more sure that we are marching with the times. And yet there is reason to believe that, in our unostentatious fashion, we manage to learn something after we leave school.

The annual production of books worth reading is quite as large in England as in any other country; the serious reviews are not altogether lost to sight in the flood of cheap magazines, and our newspapers devote more space to contemporary history and less space to tittle-tattle than do the newspapers published in some parts of the world. So constant a supply of sound mental food must inevitably enrich the mind of the general reader, if it is properly digested. And since there is a steady demand for standard works of reference, it is fair to assume that the British reader takes the trouble to think about what he reads. The unintelligent type of reader is certainly not over-fond of encyclopædias and dictionaries, so that the sale of such works affords a very fair test of the energy or indolence of our assimilation.

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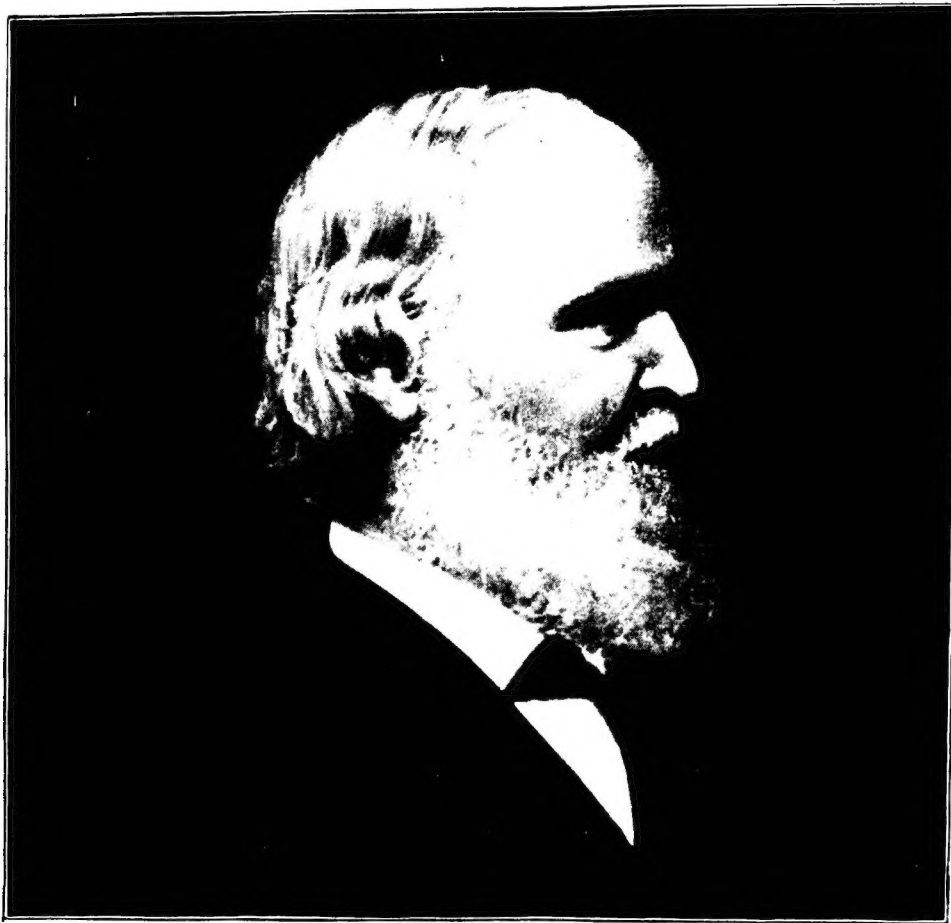
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

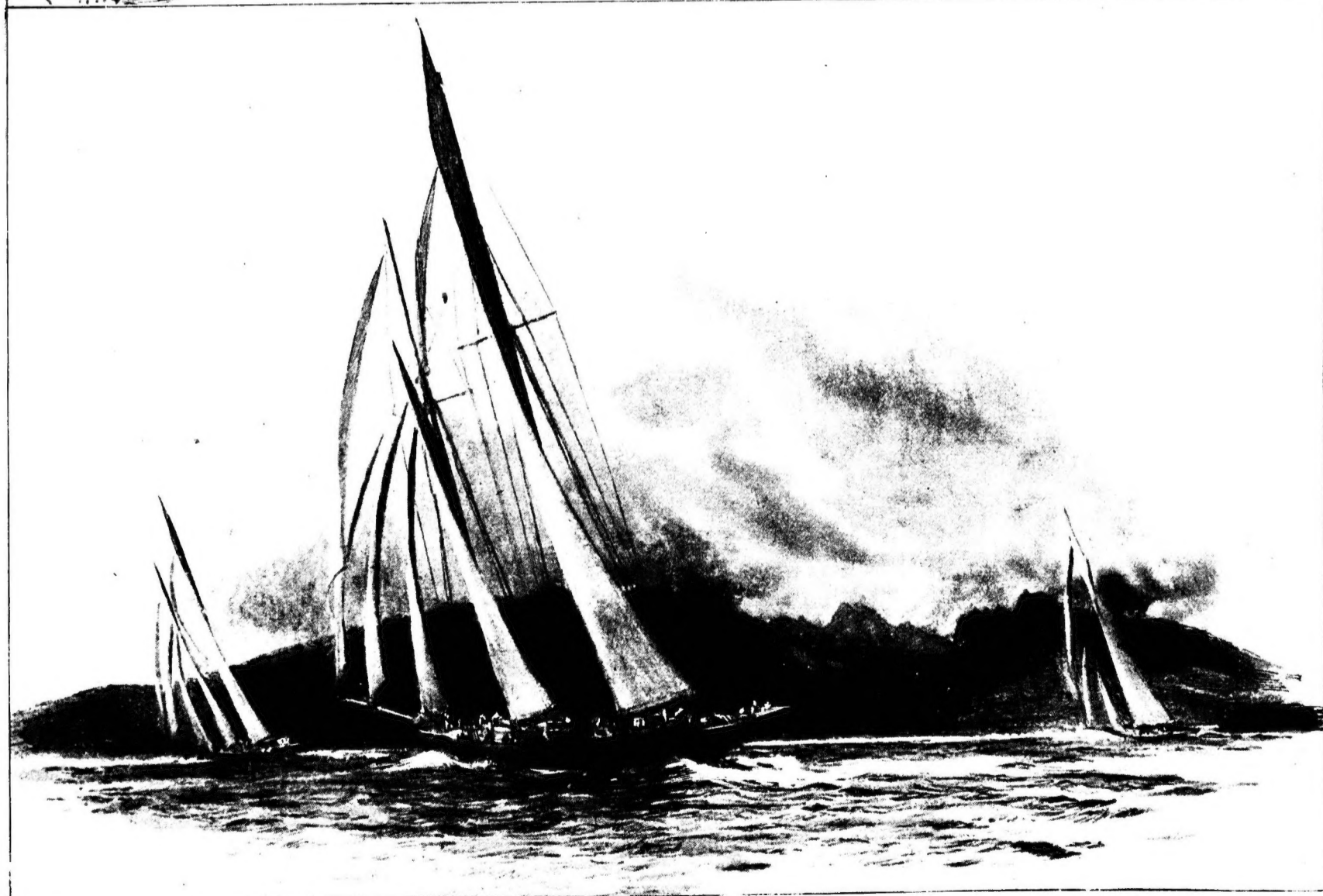
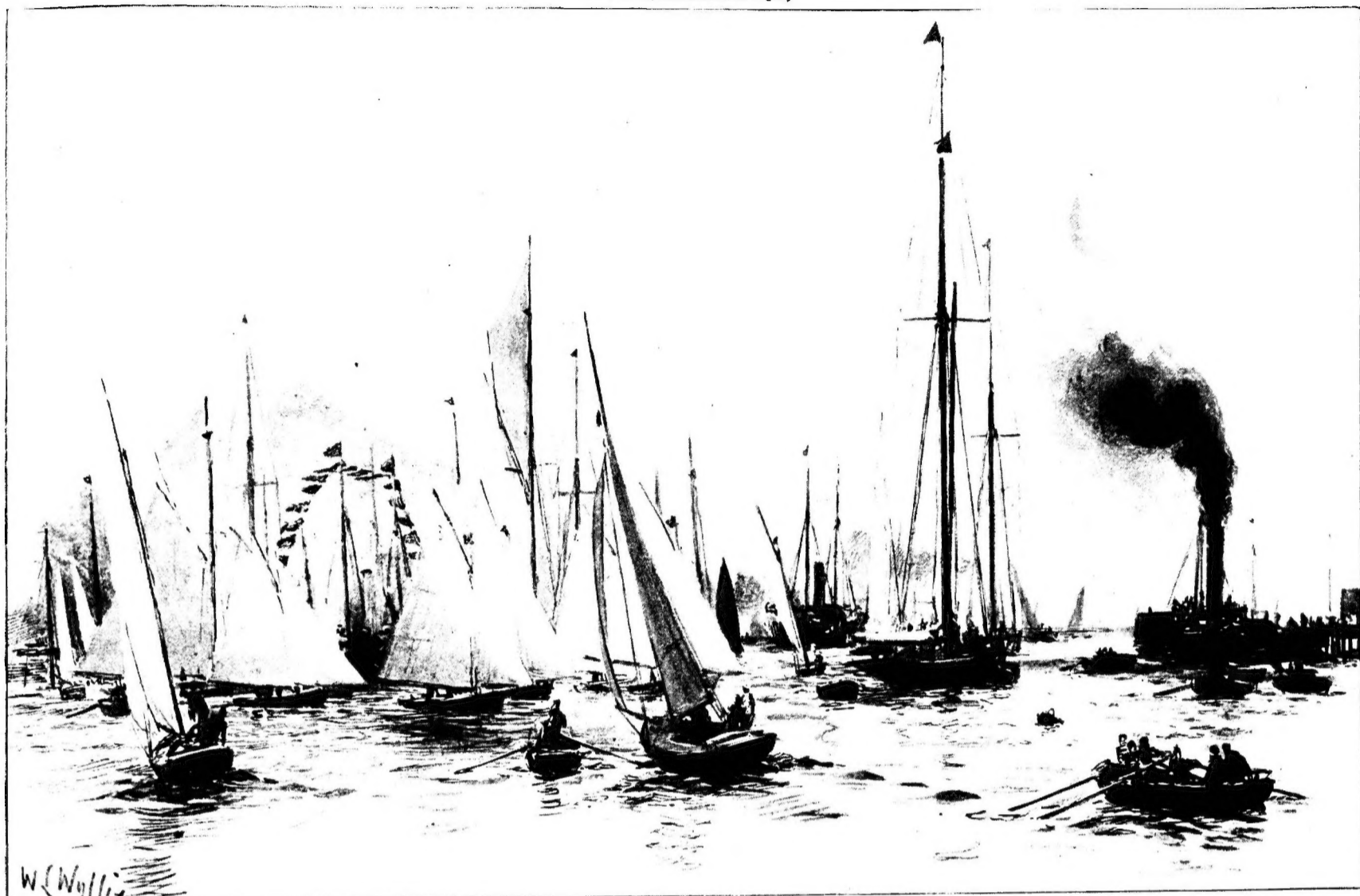
No. 1,546—VOL. LX.] EDITION
Registered as a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1899

FORTY PAGES

PRICE NINEPENCE
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The Starting Line at Hunter's Quay



Rainbow

Gleniffer

Bona

The schooners *Rainbow* and *Gleniffer*, and the cutter *Bona*—all Watson boats—competed last week on the Clyde for a 100l. cup, given by Sir Thomas Lipton for yachts over 79-rating, and Mr. Watson offered another 100l. cup as a special prize for the schooners, the largest and presumably the fastest sailing yachts afloat. There were thus two races in one. For the Lipton Cup the usual V.R.A. allowances were

made, but for the Watson Cup the two schooners were considered to be on equal terms. The course was from Hunter's Quay round Garroch Head to Skipness and back. *Bona* won the Lipton Cup on time allowance, and *Rainbow* the Watson Cup and the second prize of 50l.

YACHTING ON THE CLYDE: "RAINBOW," "GLENIFFER" AND "BONA" OFF GARROCH HEAD

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

Topics of the Week

President Kruger's Proposals STILL another scheme from Pretoria! Mr. Hofmeyr's mission to President Kruger, on which so many sanguine hopes were founded, has resulted only in another projected compromise.

In order to estimate its exact value it will be well to bear in mind the end which the British Government has in view, and which Sir Alfred Milner sought to secure by his Bloemfontein proposals. That end is the participation immediately and on an appreciable scale, of the Uitlanders in the political councils of the South African Republic. It is felt that unless the Uitlanders can obtain a substantial representation in the First Volksraad, the present conflict between the Republic and the Paramount Power must continue, since, in default of such representation, the Boers will be free to continue their oppression and misgovernment, and the Uitlanders will have no other resource but to appeal for protection and assistance to the Paramount Power. Sir Alfred Milner consequently proposed that the franchise should be granted to the aliens on the same terms as it is granted in the great majority of civilised States, namely, after five years' residence, and that in order that an immediate solution of the present grievances should be obtained this arrangement should be made retrospective. The new proposals of President Kruger make two important concessions. In the first place they grant the principle of retrospectivity, and in the second place they abolish the probationary period between naturalisation and enfranchisement which rendered previous schemes illusory. Here, however, their concessions end. The scheme makes provision for only a very small immediate enfranchisement, and hence does not in any way meet the essential requirements of the Paramount Power. The only settlers who will at once receive the votes are those who took up their abode in the country in 1890. The remainder will have to wait for various periods, ranging from one to seven years. In other words, while Sir Alfred Milner asked for a five years' retrospective residential qualification, President Kruger now offers a nine years' term. As for newcomers and settlers of two years' standing their qualification is to be a seven years' term. To pretend that this is a considerable approximation to Sir Alfred Milner's scheme is, of course, only possible to those factious friends of the Boers who, for their own purposes, choose to ignore the necessity of an immediate and substantial enfranchisement. Nevertheless it appears that the Imperial Government is not disposed to reject the scheme off-hand, although, if we are to believe the advocates of the Boers, Mr. Chamberlain is thirsting for an opportunity of levying war on the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain is, on the contrary, now engaged in carefully considering the probable effects of the new scheme, a task by no means easy in view of the paucity of statistical information relating to the Uitlander population in the Transvaal. When his inquiries have established the exact number of the probable voters who will be admitted at once under the nine years' residential qualification, we shall learn the decision of Her Majesty's Government. We have little doubt that the result will be to show that the scheme is absolutely inadmissible. If the contrary, however, should prove to be the case nobody will, we are sure, rejoice more than those who have supported Her Majesty's Government in their present firm attitude. To describe that attitude as essentially warlike is a calumny. The object of this country is to get rid of a situation pre-eminently fraught with the possibility of war, and to substitute for it the conditions of an enduring peace. If this end cannot be attained by diplomacy other steps will have to be taken. But even then the reproach will not fall upon this country, but upon the short-sighted statesmen in South Africa, who are intent on maintaining an anomalous and irritating system which in itself is only a sort of thinly veiled war.

When the British Army was being freed from the purchase system, the promoters of that revolutionary reform, while admitting a large increase of military expenditure, comforted the tax-payer by affirming that the service would no longer be "the rich man's preserve." Poor officers would stand in precisely the same footing as the wealthy; never again would the possession of money have any effect either in passing a young fellow into the Army or in enabling him to maintain his position after admission. Unhappily, these expectations have not been realised in the least degree; indeed, it is even more impracticable than in the olden time for subalterns to live on their pay except in India. One result is that the sons of old officers not endowed with ample means are shut out from their fathers' profession; even if they save the heavy expense of "cramming" and passing a year and a half at Sandhurst College by enlisting, they dare not subsequently accept promotion to the commissioned ranks lest it should land them in bankruptcy. The regimental appointments carrying additional pay, which used to be largely reserved for "rankers," are no longer within their reach, and most of them prefer, therefore, to live in reasonable comfort on warrant officer's pay rather than challenge professional ruin on an income of five shillings and three coppers per diem.

On the whole, the scheme drafted by the Indian Currency Committee has been accorded a friendly reception. It was not to be expected that the various schools which have waged war on this question would unite in a chorus of praise. There are some dissentients who will lament that their own plans for solving the eternal problem were not given the preference. But even the most inveterate of malcontents cannot dispute that the time had fully come to adopt some method more or less drastic, for insuring greater stability to the rate of exchange. What Anglo-Indian commerce suffers from is not the mere depreciation of the rupee; that works both advantageously and disadvantageously. But quick and wide fluctuations in the exchange value of gold and silver introduce an element of risk into trade which must always cripple commercial business. It is, then, this evil which the committee's scheme seeks to counteract by establishing both a gold standard and a gold currency. Here, in England, the two go together naturally enough, but in India the use of gold coins will be almost entirely confined to the few. But that probability does not carry much consequence; the really important change is the fixing of a definite ratio of exchange—15 rupees to the sovereign—between the yellow and white metals. That must be of great benefit to the Calcutta Treasury, and although some branches of export business may suffer from the rate being artificially kept higher than would be the case without State interference, the general gain seems likely to be greater than the general loss.

The Court

THE QUEEN has been entertaining a constant succession of visitors at Windsor. None of Her Majesty's guests were more delighted than the foreign delegates to the Women's Congress, who, on expressing a wish to see the Queen, were specially invited to spend the afternoon at Windsor. Under Lady Aberdeen's guidance the 180 lady delegates assembled in the Quadrangle as Her Majesty came out for her afternoon drive with Princess Beatrice. The Royal carriage was stopped before the gathering for the Queen to speak to Lady Aberdeen, and welcome her companions. A Canadian lady, whom Her Majesty had seen before, was singled out for special notice, as well as a group of native ladies from India, and the Queen then drove past, bowing and smiling while the ladies sang the National Anthem as the carriage turned under the gateway into the Park. At Her Majesty's command the ladies had tea and refreshments, and were shown through the Castle before leaving. Other guests have been chiefly official and diplomatic, dinner-parties being given each night with music afterwards, either by the Queen's private band, a military band, or the Spanish musicians who so pleased Her Majesty at Cimiez. The Duchess of Albany and her daughters came for a few days, and on Sunday there was a regular family party—the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with their daughters and Prince Arthur, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke of Albany. Most of the Royal party had accompanied the Queen to the morning Service at Frogmore, where the Bishop of Ripon preached. In the afternoon there was the usual military concert on the East Terrace, the public being admitted, while the Princess and Princess strolled about, and the Queen listened from her windows. The Dukes of Connaught and York happened to notice a young woman overcome by the sun, so they went to the help of the invalid, and had her conveyed into the Castle, where she soon recovered. A Council yesterday (Friday) was among the chief official events of the week.

Eastbourne looks forward eagerly to the Prince of Wales's visit when he stays with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, at Compton Place, from Saturday to Monday, for the Sussex Agricultural Society's Show. On Sunday he means to attend the Service for Herdsmen in the Show Yard. The following Thursday will see the Prince and Princess's last function in town for this season—the opening of the new buildings of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease. Then the Princess starts on her Continental trip with Princess Victoria, going first to Baireuth for the Wagner performances. The Prince leaves town a few days later for Goodwood and Cowes. The Duke and Duchess of York go to the Midlands next week to stay with Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley.

The Duchess of Albany had a warm welcome at Canterbury on Saturday, when she visited the Cathedral city to unveil the memorial to Archbishop Benson. Decorations, addresses, and the usual bouquets greeted the Duchess as she drove to the Deanery for lunch, welcomed at the entrance of the precincts by the "King's Scholars," proud of belonging to the oldest public school in England. Happily the storm which subsequently broke held off till the Duchess had entered the Cathedral, but the Service was conducted amid darkness and thunder and lightning. Having unveiled the Archbishop's statue, the Duchess spoke to Mrs. Benson and her family before leaving. The memorial is Gothic in character, having a beautiful recumbent figure of Dr. Benson under a canopy. The figure—of pure white marble—rests on a black marble block, and below are shields with the Arms of the See and the Archbishop.

After all the Montenegrin Royal wedding is not to be put off. The bride-elect, Princess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, arrives with her parents on July 26 at Antivari. She will be received into the Greek Church next day, and then proceed to the Montenegrin capital, Cetinje, for her State entry. The wedding will be celebrated on the following day (Saturday).

Next door in Serbia the country is also in a state of excitement, but for a less agreeable reason. An attempt has been made to assassinate ex-King Milan, and as the attempt is ascribed to a Radical plot, the Government have arrested Radicals wholesale, and instituted a small reign of terror. King Milan was diving along when a man rushed up to the carriage and fired four revolver shots at the King. One grazed King Milan's neck, and another pierced his overcoat, but the other two went wide of the mark, wounding the King's adjutant. King Milan ran after the assassin,

who jumped into the river, but was rescued by the police. He is a Bosnian, by name Goua Kuezevich, and was formerly a fireman at Belgrade.

The young Crown Prince of Germany is to follow his father's example and enter the University at Bonn. He goes at the summer holidays.

In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Commons has spent a pretty lively week in committee on the Tithes Bill. An urgent whip, issued from both sides brought members to town in unusual numbers. In the many sittings taken the muster has rarely fallen below four hundred. Monday the aggregate was increased by the arrival of three elected members. One, Sir John Austin, is an old acquaintance. He is the member who, twitted by some of his constituents having broken his pledges in the matter of Local Veto, resigned his seat, submitted to a test election, and came back with a triumphant majority. The other two were Mr. Emmott and Mr. Rumbold, who at Oldham captured two seats for the Liberal Party. Finally another seat has been won by the Opposition owing to the conversion of Mr. Whiteley. He now sits below the Government amongst the Radicals, and speaks and votes against the Government.

Taken in conjunction with the Liberal victory at Southdown the other day, this mounts up to eight votes on a division. Had such concatenation of circumstances happened in the House of Commons, when the Ministerial majority did not exceed 100, it would have shaken the Government citadel and presaged a capitulation. It cannot, of course, be too agreeable for the Government's present Ministers. But it has no appreciable effect on the majority they command. No one can affirm that the Tithes Bill evokes enthusiasm amongst the rank and file of the Party. As a matter of fact a distinct feeling to the contrary exists, and is privately expressed by a large number of the gentlemen on the benches to the right of the Speaker. The first division taken in Committee was looked for with much curiosity on the Opposition benches, and some anxiety on the Ministerial side. The majority turned out to be ninety-six.

After that the way was clear. The particular amendment on which the test was applied was cunningly constructed. It proposed to limit the distribution of the money assigned out of the Local Taxation Account to the owners of tithe rent charges under the value of 200*l.* a year. One of the most effective arguments against the Bill is that, necessarily following the process of distribution, much gets more, whilst the relief to the poorer clergy, being proportionate to their income, is infinitesimally small. If the distribution were confined to clergy whose income was less than 200*l.* a year the benefit would be substantial, and would be spread amongst the class whose needs were most urgent. This argument was put in its most alluring form by Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Fowler, and other trained debaters. The answer was a majority for the Government of close upon a hundred.

Throughout the sittings of the Committee this has been the sort of argument with which the Ministerialists have been satisfied. In an ebullition of frankness the Opposition proclaimed their intention, since they could not defeat the Bill in the Division Lobby, to subject it to dangerous delay in debate. Good Ministerialists were enjoined to refrain from rendering assistance in this direction. What was wanted from them was votes not speeches. Accordingly, the task of keeping the controversial pot "a-biling" has been left almost exclusively to the Opposition. From time to time Mr. Labouchere has risen and pathetically entreated gentlemen opposite to say something.

One night his usually serene temper flashing out in anger at his non-success, he described Mr. Galloway as "sitting lolling there saying nothing but 'Hear, hear.'" The Chairman was down on him for a moment for the use of unparliamentary language. "Lolling" is the word latest added to the Parliamentary Lexicon. Expurgatorium. For it Mr. Labouchere substituted "sitting in the most graceful attitude." But he did not succeed in getting Mr. Galloway into extending the monosyllabic character of his contributions to the debate.

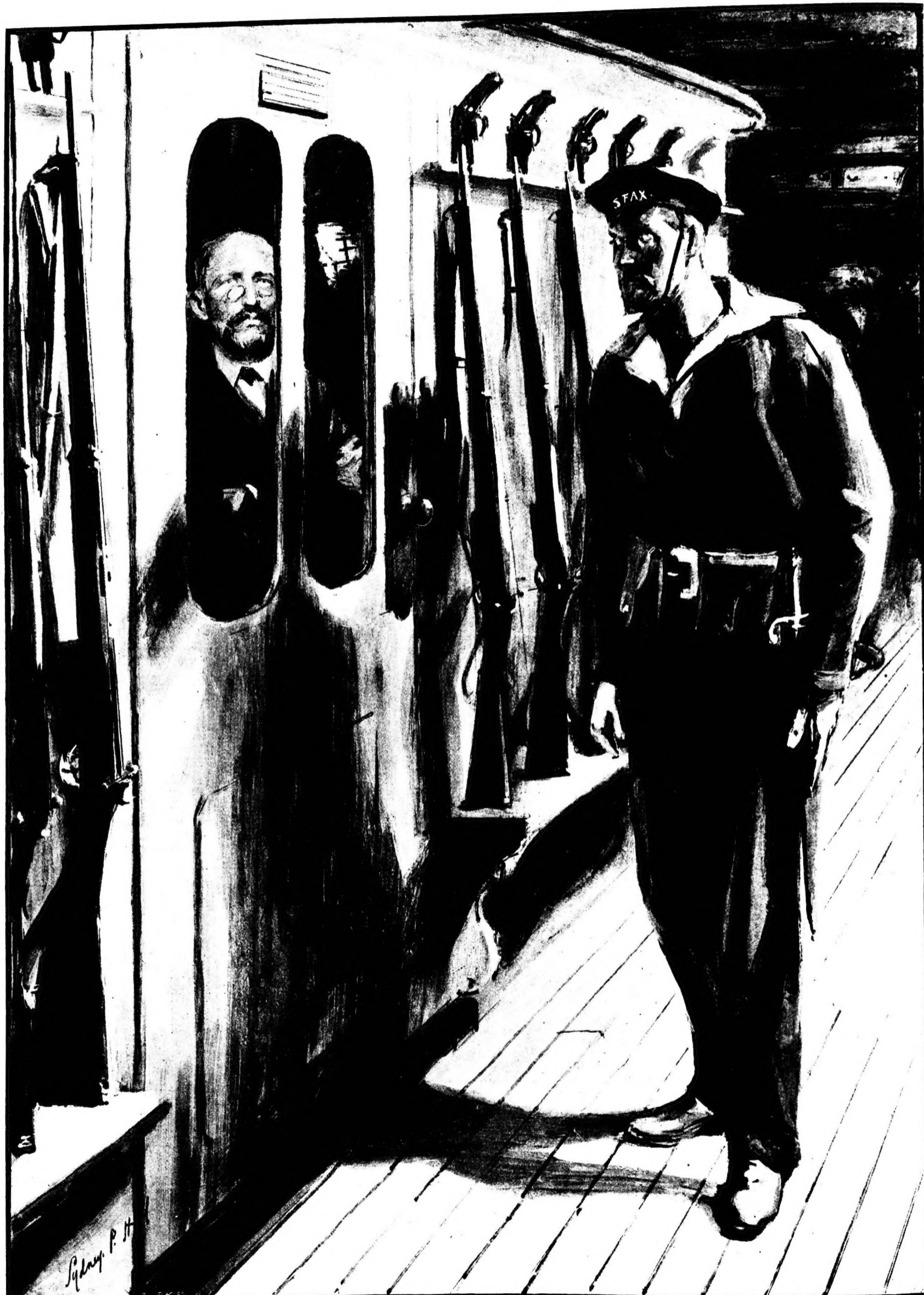
At another time he made a dead set at Mr. Talbot. The eminent Church authority having interjected a remark he turned upon him and poured oily compliments into his ear. Nobody more competent than the member for Oxford University to enlighten the House on the point at issue—which was the proportion of ecclesiastical benefices exceeding 500*l.* a year. He spoke as one having authority, and not, as Mr. Labouchere humbly described himself, a poor, ignorant layman. Would he get up and say something? Mr. Talbot rose, and related a correction of one of the member for Northampton's statements, and straightway resumed his seat. Encouraged by a sign of weakness, Mr. Labouchere hastily brought his own remarks to a conclusion, leaving the field open, as he said, for so respected an authority on Church matters. By this time Mr. Talbot had perceived of the trap laid for him. He held his peace, and the talk must be kept up, it was resumed by a member of the Opposition.

The House of Lords has this week seen the strange spectacle of the Master of Legions again defeated in his own camp. The occasion arose in Committee on the Government of London Bill when Lord Salisbury endeavoured in vain to prevent the carrying out of the provision authorising women to sit as alderwomen or councillors in the new municipal bodies. Disaster was repeated on a Bill from the other House, making compulsory the provision of seats for women shop-assistants. Early in the Session a similar Bill applicable to Scotland being brought in the famous "image of the housemaid" crossed Lord Salisbury's mind. He then succeeded in so frightening the Lords by the apparition that they threw out the Bill.

On Tuesday night he was not successful. It was evident from the style of his speech that he feared defeat. Jocularly was set on one side, and in his most massive manner he besought the Lords not to damage the chances of women obtaining employment in shops by passing this Bill. He even threw out the bait of an inquiry into the Session. It was all in vain. By a majority of more than two to one the second reading was carried.

THE GRAPHIC AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.—The Results of this Competition, together with the prize and selected photographs, will be published in the issues of THE GRAPHIC for August 5, 12, and 19.

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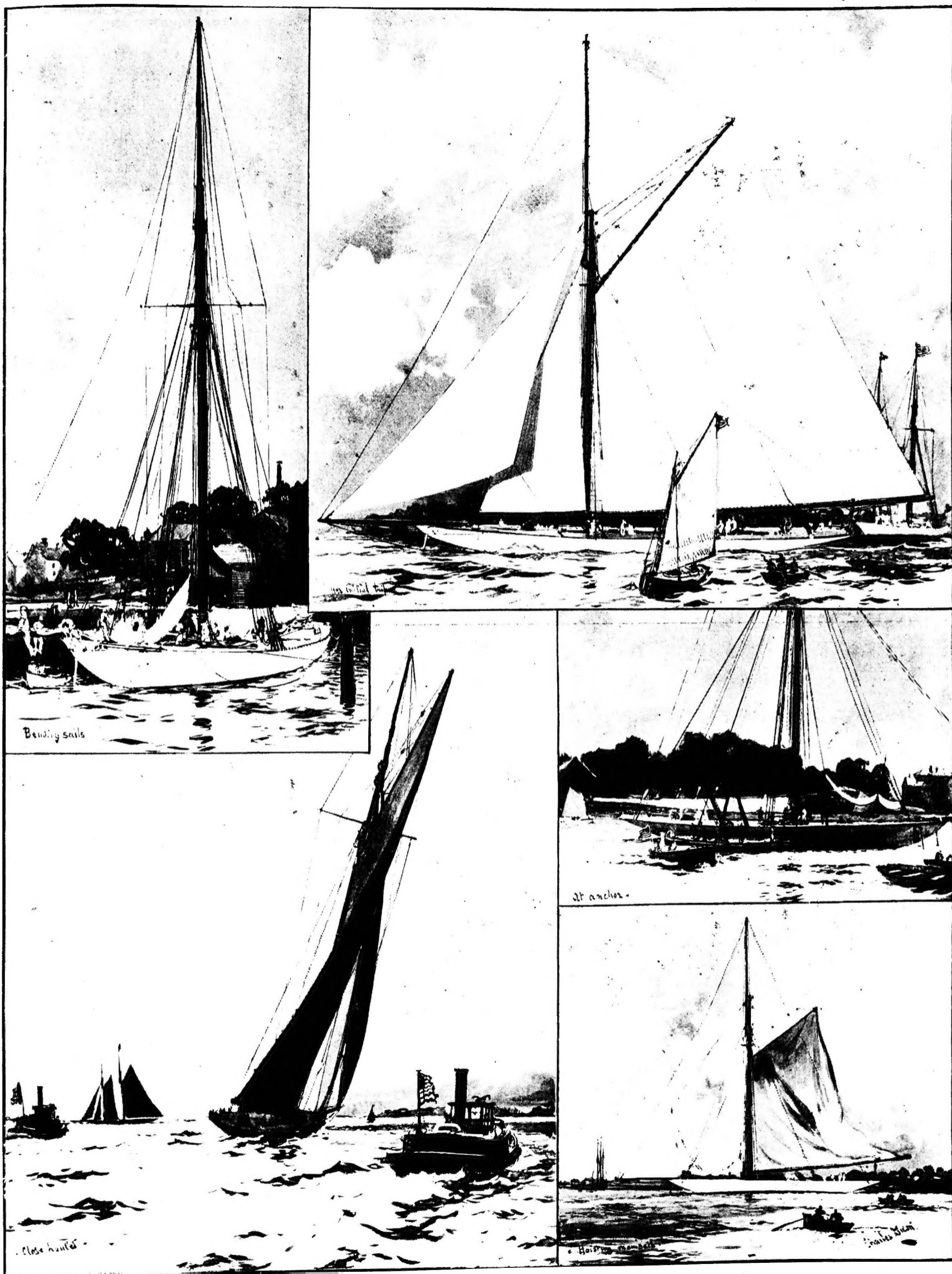


DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON THE "SFAX"

THE PRISONER LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW IN THE DOOR OF HIS CABIN ON BOARD THE "SFAX"

THE HOME-COMING OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS



THE COMING CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP: "COLUMBIA" ON HER TRIAL TRIP
DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON THE "SFAX"

ON BOARD THE "SFAX"; WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE DESPATCH BOAT "CAUDAN" TO TAKE THE PRISONER ASHORE



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE PRISONER EXERCISING IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MILITARY PRISON AT RENNES
THE HOME-COMING OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS



"He drew the bow over the strings, and began a lively air. Pleased at his commendation, and eager to oblige, and finding his command consonant with her inclination, she at once tripped on to the red kerchief that still lay on the floor, and moved her feet, and clapped her hands, balanced herself now on one toe then on the other, responsive to the music."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER V.

DON'T

WINEFRED went down the street in the direction of the curate's house. She encountered the reverend gentleman. He was somewhat shabby in dress, his boots were worn, and his neckcloth far from fresh starched. He had a depressed, crushed look.

The girl went up to him confidently, and asked for Jack Muttonbury.

"My child," answered the parson, "he is not at my house, nor at his lodgings."

"I have a pair of socks for him knitted by his father."

"I can give them to him."

"Thank you, a message goes with them. Where is he, sir?"

"I believe on the White Cliff."

"What, woolgathering? Is he doing that when supposed to be at his studies?"

"You have a pert tongue. He likes to watch the birds."

"Thank you, sir. I will look for him there. It is all on my way back."

Winefred, instead of taking the short lane, now made the circuit of the down, ascending by the last house of the long street above the tiny bay, where were a flag-staff and benches, on which latter in almost all weathers fishermen and boys sat and yarned, disputed and smoked.

She asked them about Jack, and learned that he was on the down. "I have socks for him from his father," she explained.

Her way led under and around fragmentary masses of chalk crag belted with flints; and where the flints had fallen out, leaving the surface pockmarked; gulls and guillemots flew about chattering and

screaming, and now and again a nimble tern, the swallow of the sea, glanced by.

White Cliff was, in fact, a paradise of birds. The tooth of the storm had gnawed into its friable surface, and bitten out chunks, and scooped caves so as to afford for the birds dry and abundant, and, above all, secure lodging places where to breed. The brow overhung, rendering their nesting shelves inaccessible from above, and from below a scramble up the lower sandstone beds was absolutely impracticable owing to their friability.

The white face of the cliff was incessantly changing, though by slow degrees, masses fell off, fresh indentations were formed, and at the base lay a mass of broken rock about which the waves churned, under which and over which, by tunnels and by furrows, the water rushed and returned of a milky tinge.

Upon the headland, looking seaward, was the youth of whom the girl was in quest. He paid no attention to her as she approached, indeed did not appear to observe her till she named him, when he turned and confronted her.

"What! Winny, the pedlar woman's child?"

Somewhat nettled, the girl stiffened her neck. "It is more honourable to peddle than to lounge," she said. "The pedlar does something, and if she were away would be missed, but the loafer is no good to anyone, and is bad company to himself."

"You are sharp of tongue," said the lad laughing. "I am an unstrung bow just now. If you had been kept with your nose to a Latin grammar you would wish to lift it to sniff the sea breeze."

"Well," she said, and laughed also, "I have been idling all the morning, and my work now is no more than to bring you a pair of socks from your father, and with it a message."

"Thank him from me for the socks."

"Oh! and no thanks for the message?"

"I have not heard it."

"Well—he says you are to shut up the Latin grammar for a bit, and sit under David Nutall and take instructions from him."

An expression of dissatisfaction came over the boy's face.

"And," continued Winefred, looking straight into his eye, "Thursday night at eleven, at Heathfield Cross."

"I thought as much," muttered Jack.

"Well, am I to have thanks for the message?"

"I don't know," he returned, brooding.

"Jack," said Winefred, "put your foot down and say—I won't."

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking at her in surprise.

"I know—or can guess what it is about. I have not been up and down peddling here and hawking there, and not heard a thing or two. My ears are pointed, and I catch a good deal. Your father is just thrusting you on the same road as he has walked. It is my belief that if the little one of the flat fish said—I will swim straight, he would come out without crooked eyes, and not become a flounder, but be a mackerel. If once you begin to go in and out at the back door, you'll never take to that in front of the house."

"You do not understand—my father is not a man to be disobeyed."

"I'd peddle before I did it," said Winefred with vehemence. "A peddling woman is honest, and carries her wares slung in front of her, and a—you know what, bears his behind his back. A peddling woman goes about by day along the high road, and is not caught slinking in bye-lanes of a night. You are a fine fellow with your Latin grammar, and learning to be a gentleman, to turn up your nose at my mother because she hawks laces—and then sneak away to cheat the Government over spirits. I don't know whether it be a matter of right and wrong, all I know is it don't look honest, and I hate crooked ways."

"I do not see what right you have to dictate to me."

"I am advising only. Why I will tell you."

She turned her head round under her arm.

"Last night mother and I were going over the down, and it was dark. Mother had her notions as to the way, and she was all wrong. She was making direct for the edge of the cliff; my eyes are younger, and I saw it, and I would go this way when she persisted in going that. Mother is an obstinate woman, and she would go her course, and because I stuck to it she was wrong she caught me up and was going to carry me along her way. If we had gone three steps further we should have bounced into kingdom come, and our bodies would be washing now against the pebble ridge. As good luck would have it, up came your father with a lantern and he saved us. I would return the favour. You are being drawn along the wrong path by him, and so I turn on you the lantern of commonsense and say, Go right instead of go wrong. That is my advice; take or leave it as you will."

Then Winefred shifted her package again and trudged away.

When she reached the cottage on the undercliff she found that Job Rattenbury was out.

Her mother sat by the fire on a stool engaged in needlework, at the same time that she watched a pot that was boiling.

Winefred laid the case of wares aside, and stood drawing in the scent of cooking through her nose.

"Good!" said she, "uncommon—the smell of onions is all over the place; I believe there is going to be beefsteak pudding."

"You are right," said Jane.

"Thanks be to me for it," said Winefred.

Her mother looked up.

"You have been out amusing yourself; I cut up the meat and onions and made the pastry."

"But you would not have done it, nor have been here to enjoy beefsteak pudding if I had not kicked and squealed last night. Listen to me, mother."

Winefred got on the table and seated herself there, with her feet drawn under her.

"Hearken to what I have got to say. But for me we, both of us, instead of counting the minutes till the beefsteak pudding is ready for us to eat, would be serving as meals for the fishes. Mother, you are too hasty. Because the rain began to trickle down your back, and your nose was blue, you sought to throw yourself and me into the sea. Now learn a lesson. Don't be hasty again. Winefred and beefsteak pudding for ever! Hurrah!"

"Be serious, child."

"I am. It is a deadly serious question whether I shall eat or be eaten. I give you fair warning, mother, that is not a question I will have put to me again. I will not go over the cliffs however much rain trickles down your back."

"You have no love for me."

"I have so great a love for you, mother, that with teeth and claws, and yells and kicks, I will prevent you from ever casting yourself away or me either. I am in a haranguing, lecturing mood to-day. I have been giving my mind to Jack Rattenbury, and now I give it to you; and I am in downright earnest with both. I don't like crooked ways."

"Forget what is past," said Jane, in a subdued tone.

"Yes, but I shall take care of myself for the future."

CHAPTER VI.

OVER THE PUNCH-BOWL

"Well, mate!" shouted Olver, the ferryman, entering the house with a swagger, and casting his cap on the table. "I'm come to spend the evening with you. Dang it, in November, they are too long, and one sickens of being by one's self. Why! What is the meaning of this? Women, women about? I don't half like it."

"I do not fit my house to your likings," retorted Rattenbury curtly.

"Hang it, no. I don't expect it of you. But, by George, it is not I only who find the evenings dull alone, I see. Who would have thought this of you at your time of life, and with your grey hairs?"

"If you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you can take up your cap and sheer off."

Olver struck his fist on the table.

"I know better than that. No offence meant—then none should be taken, mate. Come, we'll have an evening, and talk over old times."

"You are welcome to stay if you will keep in order your saucy tongue."

"Old times! Old times on the *Paycock*! Ah, cap'n!"

Rattenbury signed to Dench to take a seat, and called to Jane Marley to serve supper.

In a very short while the ruffle on Job's temper and countenance was allayed. Olver knew his man, knew that he dearly loved to chat over past days, to furbish up remembrance of old scenes of adventure, recall old comrades, and fight old battles. And situated where Captain Rattenbury was, on that side of the Axe where the only persons associated with the water were Preventive men, and all others were farmers and labourers on the land, he was thrown on Olver as an associate.

For reasons best known to himself he kept the men in the service of the Revenue at arm's length, and such as were connected with the soil, and whose talk was of bullocks, were not to his taste.

As a man advances in life he makes imperceptibly a *volte-face*. He turns his back on the future as devoid of interest to him, that he may gaze fondly at the ground whence he started. Youth values what it can acquire only for what it can make out of it; age appreciates what it holds in hand only for what it was and for the efforts expended in modelling it to what it now is. The present is appreciated, not as containing in its womb that which will be, but for the faded traces perceived in it of past loveliness. As the threads that connect man with his early career break, those that remain are clung to with intense tenacity.

Rattenbury did not like Dench, he even regarded him with repugnance; yet, as there was none other in the place who had been in any way linked with his early life, he endured him as one with whom he could converse with pleasure.

But it would be a misconception to suppose that Job Rattenbury lived for the past alone, and that he was without an eye for the future. As far as his own future was concerned he was indifferent, but his ambition with regard to Jack had a forward look.

Days close in rapidly in November. Rattenbury drew the little blind over his window and excluded the fishy glimmer of the dying day. He did not light a candle. Candles in those times were of tallow, and were a constant annoyance, as they needed periodic snuffing, but he threw on more wood upon the fire, and the whole room gleamed with saffron light that scintillated in the burnished copper and brass articles on the mantlesheaf and in the Bristol lustre crockery on the dresser, but nowhere more brilliantly than in those living agates, the eyes of Winefred.

Mrs. Marley was engaged at the fire, and was turning out that same beefsteak pudding on which at the moment all Winefred's thoughts and desires hung.

Olver's eye observed her every movement, but it did so furtively, and he was careful that neither she nor Job should notice to what an extent she engrossed his attention.

When the supper was served, Mrs. Marley and Winefred sat and ate along with the two men, and the girl did full justice to the pudding. When done they rose, cleared away the dishes, leaving only tumblers and the ale jug to the master and his guest, that they might smoke and drink and converse together without restraint.

So, as ancient cronies, the captain and the ferryman fell into talk upon times past beyond recall save as a memory, and the *Peacock* was often in their mouths. And as they drank they looked into the fire and drew long pulls at their pipes, and the mistrust, the aversion entertained by Rattenbury ebbed away.

There rose a succession of scenes before his fancy, lighted up with a perhaps unreal halo, such as affection casts over the past, associated with pride at the recollection of a daring and a dashing youth.

All at once Winefred traversed the kitchen.

Job caught his violin, and signalled to her with the bow.

"Child," said he, "see if you can dance."

He threw a crimson kerchief on the floor.

"Step on that. Trip and twirl in the midst, and do not ruffle the rag. I have seen it done, and by men."

The girl looked at him incredulously and with perplexity.

That was not dancing, she thought—not such as she had conceived dancing to be.

"Olver," said Job, and he tapped the ferryman on the head with his fiddlestick, "Show the little maid how it is to be done."

"I can't dance," replied Olver sullenly, "and what is more I won't be knocked about the head."

"Yes you will," retorted Rattenbury, and struck again.

"You will do and endure anything for a glass of grog and beefsteak pudding. See! Jane shall bring on the bowl and I will brew. The kettle is singing. Dance you shall, or drink only small beer. Stand up!" Then he put the fiddle under his chin, and struck up a hornpipe.

The clumsy, sulky boatman was constrained to go through some of the evolutions of a dance, to the measure played by Captain Rattenbury. But he did it badly, and Job laid his violin on his knees with a gesture of impatience.

"It is like a porpoise rolling," said he. "Come, Jane, bring in the bowl and lemons and sugar. I have promised it. After the brew I will teach the little wench how to perform."

He stood up, signed to Mrs. Marley, who took a large ironstone china basin from the dresser, wiped it out and set it on the table. Then from a cupboard she brought the condiments, and Job from a window box produced fine old Jamaica rum.

Next, fetching from a drawer a punch-ladle of whalebone, with silver bowl into which was let a guinea, he roared out:—

"Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul,
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave,
—I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury it there."

He flourished his ladle as Mrs. Marley brought in hot water from the puffing kettle.

The fragrance diffused itself through the room, as the ripe dark rum was poured in, the nutmeg grated, and the slices of lemon were thrown in to swim on the aromatic generous liquor.

Alas for the punch bowl! It was one of the institutions of the past. It sent a steam of goodwill that diffused itself over those congregated around it! It mellowed the asperities, and sweetened the crudities of those who brimmed their glasses from it. What choice stories, what melodious songs, what sportive sallies did it call forth! And the host ladling forth the spicy liquor was brought into intimate and affectionate relationship with those who were his guests. He was like the sun diffusing warmth, light, life to the planets round. That was quite another thing to the butler decanting champagne into a glass. With the punch bowl something has passed away out of English social life that cannot well be replaced.

"There, Olver," said the captain; "it was worth attempting and failing in dance to have a smack of such a drink of the gods as this?"

Job was in good humour.

"Now, little maid," said he, "and you, Olver; and you, Jane, fill out for the girl a thimbleful. I give the toast of the evening, Success to the undertaking."

"Success to the undertaking," said Olver.

"I should like to know what the undertaking is before I drink it," said Winefred.

"That is no concern of yours."

"Then," said she, "success to every honest and daylight undertaking."

Job and the boatman looked at each other and laughed.

"Come," said Rattenbury, throwing himself into his seat, "let us see if you are as nimble with your toes as with your wits. Dance."

The imperiousness of his manner impressed all with the sense that he must be obeyed.

"I cannot dance like Master Dench," said Winefred, "I require teaching."

"I trust not," retorted the captain. "If you have music in your soul, dance you can and dance you will. When I touch the strings

every nerve in your frame will tremble in reply. Teach me to dance! Who teaches the gulls? Who the yellow larks in spring? Who the leaves of the birch? Who the shuffling flies of summer? You will dance without teaching it there is music in you. If you have none, no instruction will make of you a dancer but a bungler like him—" and had not Olver withdrawn, it would have been tapped once more.

"Winefred," said Rattenbury, "I know you have music. With a plaintive melody I rocked you to sleep, with a lively one I will make you skip. Dance!"

He drew the bow over the strings, and began a lively air.

Pleased at his commendation, and eager to oblige, and following his command consonant with her inclination, she at once took up the red kerchief that still lay on the floor, and moved to the music. It was as Rattenbury played, the melody provoked movement, and every change in the music produced corresponding action in the dancer. Now it was a slow, then andante, now grave, and then a riot of mad and merry music.

"Well done!" shouted Rattenbury. "By Moses, the little wench is heated. Olver, you could not have been brought to that. No teaching would have done that. Every nerve in the girl's body, every pulse bounded, when I touched a fiddlestring."

The boatman growled something about being old and stupid.

"Olver, if you cannot dance you can sing—or if you have no music in your organ you can bellow. Join with me, and we will have the lights up channel."

Then he broke forth—

"Farewell and adieu to you Spanish lads,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders to sail for Old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again."

"We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt sea,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England,
From Ushant to Scilly be leagues thirty three."

"Now mark," said the captain waving his bow and pointing points in the room. "The first light we make, it is called the Dodman. That is after leaving Scilly—there she is, shining out on the sea like a star. The Ram's Head—that is next—shining out. Then Plymouth, next Start Point, and after that the light of the Isle of Wight. We steer past Beechy, by Farley, by Dungeness until we arrive at the South Foreland light. You see, it's like a picture: all of the points come up one after another like the stars in the belt of Orion. Now we will sing again:—

"O, the signal we make for the grand fleet to anchor,
In the Downs at the nightfall to lay up the fleet,
Then stand your cat-toppers, let go the shank-painter,
Haul up the cue-points, stick out tacking and sheet."

"Let every man toss off a full flowing bumper,
Let every man toss off a full flowing bowl,
For we'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
So here is a health to each true-hearted soul."

Rattenbury's face glowed with pleasure. He continued for a while playing variations on the theme, as again in memory he came up the Channel, and smelt the breeze, and heard the hiss of the water, and saw the twinkle of the lights succeeding each other.

Then he laid down his violin and said, "Ah! Winefred! you tangled up my kerchief into a knot on the floor. Before long you will be able to dance on it and skip off, leaving it smooth as when laid down."

"Then," said the girl, "Mr. Dench must not have gambled on it first. I have done my best to smooth what he ruffled."

"Come now," said the captain, "Jane, let us hear you sing."

Without hesitation she struck up: "Early one morning, just as the sun was rising," and Job accompanied her, chiming on the strings. A pathetic song to a plaintive melody, but the effect on the singer was not pleasing. On the contrary, as she sang of the woe of the forsaken maiden, her face darkened, its lines grew deep, and her brow contracted. She did not observe the intensity with which Dench watched her.

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary;
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true;
Oh, don't deceive me; oh, never leave me!
How should you use a poor maiden so?"

The captain noticed the gathering cloud, and turned to the ferryman said,

"Come, Olver, it is your turn. On my soul, I am as good as myself famously. I only wish Jack were here. Sing, lad."

Then the boatman began to roar out a ballad. He had not gone far before Mrs. Marley snatched her seat to her and hurried out of the room. At the same moment she saw the end of Job's fiddlestick on his head.

"You dog!" said he. "What made you sing such a ballad as that before women and children?"

"What made me?" replied Olver, sulkily, as he rubbed his head. "Why just this—that I wanted to be rid of them. For we relish our evening when we have such as these interlopers and spoiling our happiness?"

"Whose house is this? Whose punch is this? Whose wench is concerned?" roared the captain. "I shall have in her what I will, without asking your leave; and if I suffer an illness, I will cur to sit here at any time, it is that I may have the satisfaction of kicking him if he misconducts himself."

"Keep your fiddlestick off my head."

"I shall rap your thick skull whenever you misbehave."

"I will break it if you do."

"You dare not. There." He struck him again.

Olver's face became purple, but he did not fulfil his threat. "It was for your good that I drove them away," said he in a low tone. "You do not know what you are about, this woman into your house."

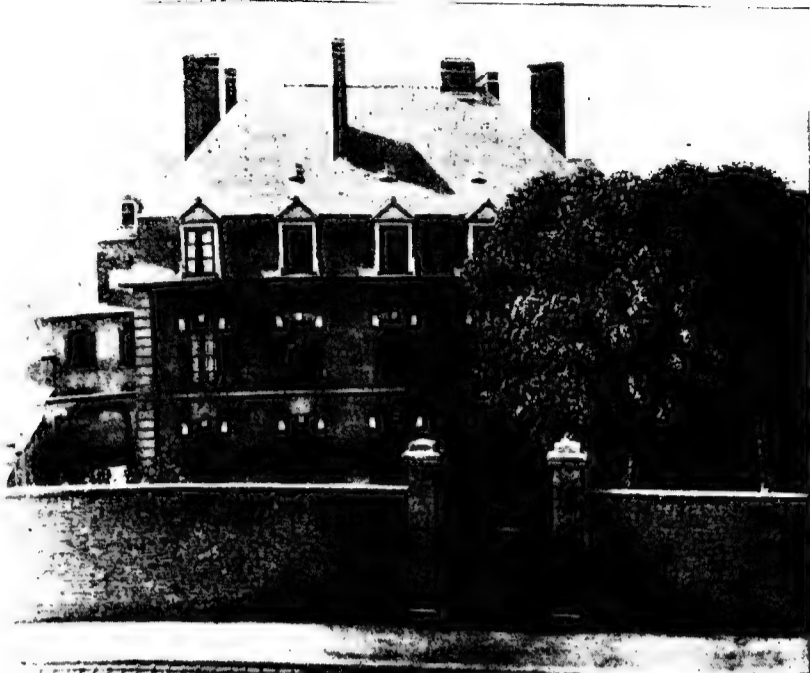
"I should think I knew better than you."

"No, captain, you mistake. Have you considered what will talk, what they will say about it?"

"Let them talk and say what they will, I care not one word."

"You do not know the woman as well as I myself do. I will twist you about her little finger."

Job laughed scornfully.



THE MILITARY PRISON AT RENNE, WHERE CAPTAIN DREYFUS IS CONFINED.

"Hah!" said he. "Look at me—at my bulk, there is no twisting of
 "She will find out everything you desire to keep concealed."
 "Suppose there be nothing?"
 "What, there is the undertaking for Thursday."
 "Pshaw! She knows which way her bread is buttered."
 "You, captain, may have a masterful will, and that you have one
 "I do not deny. But she has one ten times as masterful as yours.
 "She will hold you in her closed hands, shutting them about you,
 "If you suffer it, or if you cross her she will strike you in the face."
 "She will do neither. I have ruled men in my day, and such
 "But not one of them a match for her. You never before
 "have had to do with such a woman as this. If she thought she
 "could benefit her child, it is my belief she would regard no one,
 "stick at nothing."
 "And that," said Rattenbury, "that is precisely what I
 "admire in her, aye, and respect. It is with her and Winefred as
 "it is with me and Jack."

(To be continued)

The Home-Coming of Dreyfus

"THERE is extraordinary energy in this man. During twenty
 days he gave no sign of weakness." Such was the succinct
 remark given by the captain of the French cruiser *Sfax* of the
 conduct of the "officer-prisoner" whom he took on board at
 Cayenne on June 8, and landed at Haliguen, on the Quiberon
 Peninsula, in the dead of the night of July 1. Probably the captain
 had no idea of the tortures inflicted upon officer-prisoner Dreyfus in
 the *Ile du Diable* during four years of unjust imprisonment—tortures
 so various and so cruel that the recital of them is like a chapter out
 of the annals of some savage tyranny of the Middle Ages. Had he
 known, could he have been brought to believe those shocking outrages
 on humanity, he would not have wondered at his prisoner's
 demeanour on board his ship. The *Sfax*, even with a closed
 cabin window and a sentry at the cabin door, must have
 been a paradise to that Devil's Island, with its brutal governor
 and his palisaded hut, and when the long-suffering victim went
 to deck the dash of the sea waves was no longer on the
 shore of an island prison, but against the side of a vessel
 which was bearing him back to civilisation and comparative
 freedom.

Stringent regulations were in force during the voyage of the
 officer of state, or, to use a less grandiloquent phrase, the
 man of conspiracy. He was boycotted by the whole ship's com-
 mand and had to write, and receive in writing, all communications
 passed between him and Captain Coffinières de Nordeck. His
 position was that of an officer under arrest on a serious charge
 which he was to be tried; the regulations of the Service
 under such circumstances were no doubt inevitable, but the
 nature of the voyage of the *Sfax* adds another painful chapter to
 the annals of the scandal of the century. It is said of the
 officer that while on board he seemed happy, and sometimes
 as he walked the deck and noticed the animated scenes of
 daily routine on the warship. There were those on board
 who took an intelligent interest in the prisoner;
 of them kept diaries which furnish interesting details.
 From them we learn that early on the morning of June 8 the *Sfax*
 at the *Iles du Salut* (of which the prison-island of Dreyfus, the
Ile du Diable, is one), there to coal and water. A boat and a steam
 tug approached her from the *Goeland*, the warship on the station.
 The captain of the *Goeland* came on board, and handed the cap-
 tain of the *Sfax* a sealed packet. "In the steam launch," says one of
 the crew of the *Sfax* in his diary, "we perceive a civilian: tired in
 a dark blue cloth, and wearing a cork helmet. He hides
 his head in his hands. Sometimes he rises and takes a couple of
 paces, and then he sinks down on a bench; he seems exhausted.
 We wonder who this personage can be. All sorts of rumours are
 current among the crew, and after an hour's interval the officers
 leave the captain's cabin. Orders are given to the boat to go along-
 side the launch to catch the individual on board the *Sfax*. The
 boat does this, and in minutes after we see ex-Captain Dreyfus
 ascending the ladder with difficulty, and with uncertain step, fol-
 lowed by thegendarmes, who have revolvers in their belts. He
 stops as he reaches the deck, but he soon recovers his strength.

With a still trembling hand he
 lutes in the military style, draw-
 ing himself up with a quick move-
 ment, as he is very bent. He has
 grey hair and a dark red beard.
 His general appearance is fairly
 good, in spite of the sea sickness
 from which he is suffering."

Arrived on board, Dreyfus is
 taken to his cabin by the second
 officer of the *Sfax*; it is fur-
 nished with wardrobe, table, wash-
 stand, and bed, and its porthole is
 strongly barred. On June 10 the
Sfax weighed anchor, without
 having coaled or watered, it seems,
 and sailed straight for St. Vin-
 cent. "A guard was posted to
 watch him night and day without
 leaving him, and very strict orders
 were issued about this. He is to
 take a turn on deck three times a
 day, in the morning from nine
 till ten, and from eleven till noon,
 and in the afternoon from four till
 five. Every officer and sailor is
 expressly forbidden to hold any
 communication with him. He
 is served from the officers' table,
 but he has his meals in his room.
 He spends his days in reading
 and writing, and he often smokes.

Sometimes he looks out of the port hole, remaining deep in thought
 for a long while. His luggage consists of two portmanteaus
 containing linen, books, and several packets of chocolate, small
 biscuits, and several bottles of toilette vinegar." Others who
 noted the prisoner's daily life state that Dreyfus in the daytime used
 to lean against the cabin door smoking and looking through the glass
 at the operations of the crew. He was not allowed newspapers,
 but he read books, sometimes drew, and was often in a reverie.
 He generally went to bed at seven, but rose about midnight to
 smoke a cigarette, and he regularly got up at five in the morning.

At 2.30 on the afternoon of June 18, the *Sfax* arrived at
 St. Vincent—a long voyage from Guiana, but it appeared that
 the orders were that she was to arrive at St. Vincent at a
 fixed date. No letters or telegrams were allowed to be sent from
 the port, as "the voyage of Dreyfus was not to be revealed."
 Sailing from St. Vincent the *Sfax* arrived on July 1—a date no
 doubt also carefully set down in her orders—in a gale of wind and

rain, not at Brest, or L'Orient, or any of the ports which had
 been watched for days by eager journalists, but at Haliguen on
 the Quiberon Peninsula. There, as already told in the *Graphic*,
 Dreyfus was landed.

The Late Duchess of Rutland

THE LATE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, who died last Tuesday at
 Homburg, had been suffering from an affection of the heart for
 some time past, but she was only taken ill last Sunday. The
 members of the family were summoned, and most of them arrived
 in time to be present at the last. Janetta, Duchess of Rutland, was



JANETTA, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

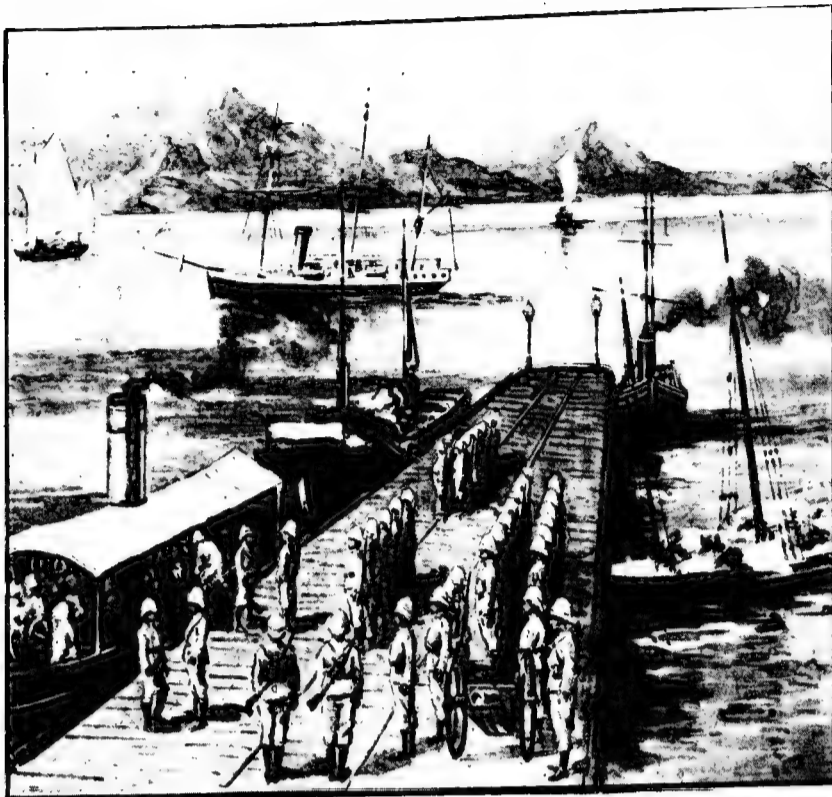
the eldest daughter of
 Mr. Thos. Hughan,
 of Airds, Galloway,
 and her mother was
 Lady Louisa
 Hughan, daughter
 of the eighth Duke
 of St. Albans. She
 was married to the
 Duke of Rutland,
 who was then Lord
 John Manners, and
 whose first wife had
 died more than eight
 years before, on May
 15, 1862. Her
 mother had died in
 1843, but her father
 survived till 1879.
 The Duchess of
 Rutland had five
 sons, of whom three
 — Lord Edward
 Manners, M.P.,
 Lord Cecil and Lord
 Robert Manners—survive, and three daughters. The death of
 Lord William Manners in 1897, not long before he attained his
 twenty-fourth birthday, was a great blow to his parents. The
 Duchess of Rutland took a great interest in all social movements,
 particularly in the cause of temperance, and was a frequent con-
 tributor to journals and magazines. Very popular by reason of her
 kindly disposition, she will be much missed, and great sympathy is
 felt for the venerable Duke of Rutland in his bereavement.—Our
 portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST AND SONS, SOUTHSEA

The first trial of the *Shamrock* under canvas created a very favourable impression among those who saw her, although the wind was light, and there
 seemed to be little more than sufficient to fill her sails. When she left her moorings in Southampton Water she took a course as far as the Spit Buoy, and
 then went down the West Channel. The Prince of Wales's racing cutter *Britannia* has arrived at Cowes from Southampton, and is preparing for her trial
 trip with the new challenger. Meanwhile, the *Shamrock* has been ordered into dry dock at Southampton to have her bottom polished, and her crew,
 forty-two in number, have signed on. As at present arranged, the first trial spins of the *Shamrock* with the *Britannia* will take place on Tuesday next.

THE CUP CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" LEAVING HER MOORINGS



THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS AND HONG KONG VOLUNTEERS EMBARKING FROM THE COMMISSARIAT PIER ON THEIR WAY TO KAULUNG



THE GUARD TENTS OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS NOW IN POSSESSION OF KAULUNG CITY

The Capture of Kaulung City

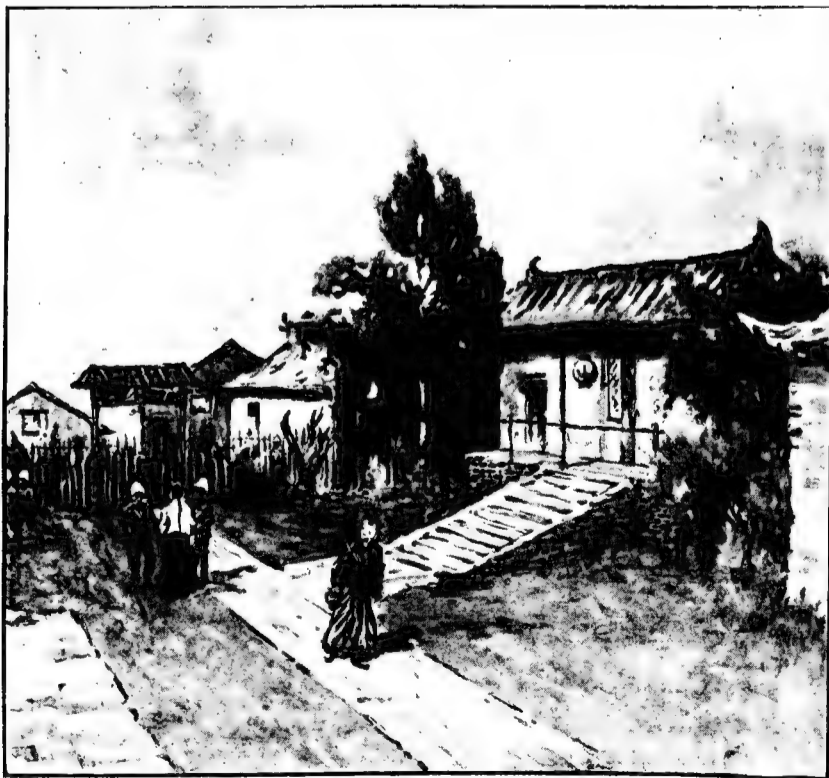
THE recent action of the British authorities in hoisting the flag at Kaulung City and taking possession of that place, which, although surrounded on all sides by our newly acquired territory, was left by the Convention of June 9, 1898, under Chinese jurisdiction, completes the recent Hong Kong extension and restores the prestige which was endangered by the late disturbances. No time was lost in obtaining satisfaction for the treachery of the Chinese on that occasion. When the new territory was taken over, the rebellion, fomented by persons in high quarters, broke out. Just a month later, on May 16, after quelling the insurrection and clearing the country of rebels, our troops occupied the city of Kaulung without any resistance on the part of the Chinese. On that day a party of Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Hong Kong Volunteers, under Colonel Mainwaring, proceeded to Kaulung City and took possession after disarming the Chinese garrison. The day following Colonel Elsdale, R.E., with four other officers and Mr. May, C.M.G., Chief of the Police, who had taken an

active part in the suppression of the rebellion, interviewed the resident Mandarin with reference to his leaving the city, and persuaded him to take his departure. At the same time the naval brigade and part of the troops marched to Samchun and hoisted the British flag, thus extending the northern boundary of the territory, and including within it the chief market town of the district. No resistance was offered here either, and the villagers welcomed our troops.

The city of Kaulung, or Kau Lung Shing, as it is termed by the Chinese, is situated about a quarter of a mile from the sea. It is surrounded by stone walls, built in 1847, measuring 700 feet by 400 feet, with an average height of 13 feet, and a width at the top of 15 feet. The wall has six watch towers, at present occupied as family dwellings, and two gateways with doors made of wood and lined with iron sheeting. The town was the headquarters of the chief military officer in the district of San On. The only civil officer resident within the city was a Deputy Magistrate. Kaulung has been the source of much trouble in the past, and has long borne the worst of reputations as a resort of thieves, gamblers, receivers of stolen goods, and generally

of all the bad characters from Hong Kong and Canton, and recent events have proved that its retention by China was quite inconsistent with the proper administration of the new territory.

There are several other walled cities within the new territory, each inhabited by the members of one clan only. They are rectangular in shape, and the walls are surrounded by a moat, each city having one entrance only, which is protected by iron gates. The houses are generally well and solidly built. Handsomely decorated temples exist in all the important villages, and in many places are found large buildings, in which the ancestral tablets are kept. Taken as a whole, the inhabitants are industrious, frugal and well-behaved people, and though not wealthy, they are generally comfortably off, beggars being rarely met with. With the inclusion of Samchun within our territory, we are now in possession of a natural and easily defended frontier line running along the hills at the back of that city, and now that British rule is firmly established throughout the new territory, the valuable mineral and agricultural resources of our latest acquisition in the Far East will doubtless be developed without delay.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE MANDARIN'S YAMEN



THE GATEWAY TO THE WALLED CITY

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

THE COMPLETION OF THE HONG KONG EXTENSION: SKETCHES IN KAULUNG CITY

FROM SKETCHES BY H. W. BIRD



A NOVEL OPEN-AIR AMUSEMENT IN LONDON: THE WEDNESDAY EVENING FETE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is very pleasant to read an excellent and appreciative article on Mortimer Collins by Mr. W. G. Waters in *Literature*. In the course of this the writer, speaking of the *Press and St. James's Chronicle*, says:—"Who now remembers that journal or its weekly article headed 'Adversaria,' which as June drew nigh made even Londoners believe that the sky was blue, that they might hear the rustle of the leaves, the song of the thrush, and the myriad other blessed country sounds which Mortimer Collins loved beyond all other music?" Well I for one remember the journal in question, for I used to buy it every week, and I am rather inclined to think it was a sixpenny paper. I must say at this moment I have not a clear idea of its general contents, but I have a notion there was a good old Tory tone about its politics. But whatever were its politics or its price I accounted it cheap enough as being the medium of providing me with the delightful "Adversaria." It is an extraordinary thing to me that a man so brilliant and versatile as Mortimer Collins should not have attained more celebrity and been more financially successful. Nowadays there are plenty without a tithe of his ability making fortunes. Possibly the reason was that he belonged to no mutual admiration society, and lived before the days of booming. He was one of those rare instances where the writer of light, epigrammatic and polished verse and the true poet are combined, and of a poet whose prose is often equal to his poems. Frequently do I have inquiries as to where his poems are to be obtained, but I believe they are all out of print. A cheap edition of the volume published by Messrs. Bentley in 1886 could scarcely fail to be popular.

It is satisfactory to see that some of the trains on the Metropolitan Railway have labelled the smoking carriages in large, bold letters over the door. This is a vast improvement upon the almost illegible letterings on the window. Still, I think they might carry the improvement further. If every smoking carriage had a white door you could readily single it out as the train drew up. These trains only stop for such a brief period, that in the hurry as matters stand at present there is always a chance of your finding yourself in a carriage full of ladies with a big cigar in your mouth in full blast before you know where you are.

What is the law with regard to the control of windows in railway carriages? A correspondent wishes to be informed on this point. This is a matter that is very difficult to decide, and has probably caused as many disputes as the management of windows in a club. Some members like to eat their dinners in a gale of wind, while others are terribly sensible with regard to draughts. There is an equal diversity of opinion on the subject amid travellers by railway. I fancy, however, that it is generally admitted that the passengers facing the engine have a sort of traditional right to the management of the window, but if they push their prerogative so far as to involve the asphyxiation of their fellow-travellers, I think the latter would be fully justified in entering a protest and in taking effective methods to prevent the obnoxious course of procedure being carried out. Here is a case in point. I knew a vigorous but somewhat short-tempered gentleman, who found himself in a railway carriage on a cold afternoon. All the windows were closed tight, and a man in the corner had lit a reading lamp. The heat was insufferable, it was an express train, and my friend protested. No one took any notice, so he repeated his complaint, and every one pretended to be deaf, especially the man with the lamp. Whereupon my friend raised his voice, and tapping sharply on an adjacent pane said, "If we don't have instant ventilation my umbrella will immediately go through a window or two!" It is needless to say this practical and energetic protest had the desired effect.

Somebody whom I know very well has somewhere sung:—

For the lightsome laughter of yester year,
The poem of youth with its reckless rhymes,
Seems mingled with music of Marlow Weir,
And finds an echo in Marlow Chimes.

In the course of next month a good deal more will be mingled with the music of Marlow Weir and the chimes of All Saints will stand a very good chance of being unnoticed. For from August the 7th to the 12th will take place the third celebration of "Marlow week." This week promises to be—don't take any notice of the pun, it is all owing to the hot weather, and you needn't laugh unless you like—unusually strong. I am inclined to think the great popularity of this function is that all tastes are consulted, and that the rowing interest is not allowed to be paramount. There are cricket matches, a flower and poultry show, a bicycle fête, evening concerts, a fancy dress illuminated cycle parade, and on the last day the regatta, winding up with a Venetian fête and a grand display of fireworks. The variety of entertainments offered should make the Marlow week more attractive than ever.

During the recent tropical weather a very fine array of white waistcoats have been on view throughout London and the suburbs,

Now, if the wearers of these garments are philanthropists, and parade these snowy vests for the purpose of giving an aspect of coolness to the neighbourhood, I personally am greatly indebted to them. But if they imagine that by this style of clothing they are keeping themselves cool, their imagination must have got very much the better of their common sense. A white waistcoat—that is to say, an ordinary white waistcoat made of drill—is the very hottest garment you could possibly wear. It has a very close texture to begin with, and when it has been frequently treated by the laundress its means of ventilation become so absolutely closed by starch and soap that you might just as well wear a cuirass of mackintosh. Of course there are light flannels and other materials in white that are admirably adapted for tropical times, but the ordinary white waistcoat worn by thousands as a summer garment is an absolute failure. And yet it has been held in high esteem for at least half a century!

A week of many engagements prevented my being at the regatta at Henley. The place, to my way of thinking, is infinitely preferable when there is no regatta; but an old friend informs me that the weather was superb, and the booming—contrary to the expectation of many—proved successful. The numbers conveyed by the Great Western Railway were 38,236, which was 723 in excess of last year.



BORN MAY 9, 1871

DIED JULY 10, 1899

THE LATE GRAND DUKE GEORGE ALEXANDROVITCH

The Death of The Tsarevitch

ANOTHER heir to a throne has passed away—the Tsarevitch George of Russia. Although he had been in a hopeless condition for years the Prince's death was quite sudden and unexpected at the last, none of his relations being with him. Consumption, the curse of the House of Romanoff, has carried him off just as it did the Tsarevitch Nicholas of the preceding generation, his uncle. To his mother, the Empress Marie, his death must therefore painfully recall the loss of her original fiancé, for she was engaged to the Grand Duke Nicholas, and only married the late Czar after his brother's death. The Tsarevitch George, second son of the Empress Marie and Alexander III., was a strong young fellow at first, giving no signs of the family malady. He was brought up in constant companionship with his elder brother, the present Tsar, and the brothers began a long tour together in 1890 to complete their education. But the Grand Duke George's health broke down, and he came back to begin a life of exile and weary wanderings in search of health. When his father died it was realised that he would never be strong enough for the succession should it fall to him, and he settled at Abbas Tiumen, in the Caucasus, as the only hope of restoration. Here he tried the open-air cure, living with open doors and windows, and without curtains or carpets. Twice he went to Nice in the spring and once to Algeria, while in the summer he would sometimes go home for a short time or visit his grandparents in Denmark. The Empress was constantly with her son, but it was a sad life as a rule, away from home and friends and

subject to a strict regimen. The Grand Duke was a very amiable young man, however, and bore his trials most patiently. There was no idea he was so near death, and the news came suddenly on Monday morning. As Abbas Tiumen is ten days' journey from St. Petersburg it will be some time before any relatives can reach there. The Tsarevitch was only twenty-eight, and the succession now falls to his younger brother—the Grand Duke Michael—who will not be twenty-one till November. Owing to his brother's death the Grand Duke Michael has virtually been regarded as the heir ever since Nicholas II. came to the throne, especially since all the three children born to the Tsar and Tsaritsa have proved to be girls, much to the popular disappointment. Indeed, the Tsar had decided to issue a decree appointing his brother heir instead of the Grand Duke George. It is said that he will marry his cousin, the Grand Duchess Helen, daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg. See was engaged to a German Prince, but the engagement has been broken, owing to her preference for the Grand Duke Michael. The death of the Tsarevitch puts our own Court in mourning, as he was nephew to the Prince and Princess of Wales.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

The New Uganda Commissioner

AN appointment which will give very general satisfaction is that which makes Sir Harry Johnston, now Consul-General at Tunis, the new Commissioner to administer Uganda. The change has been brought about by the resignation of Mr. Ernest Berkeley owing to ill-health, and there is little doubt that the outcome will more than justify the wisdom of the selection. Sir Harry Johnston is one of the youngest of our African administrators, and look at him and note his alert, almost boyish, appearance is to find it hard to believe that he is the man who has had such wide administrative experience, and left the stamp of his personality and energy over such enormous tracts of our African possessions. Greater Britain owes very much to him. None know this so well as those who have had the privilege of going over the ground in Central Africa which he was so largely instrumental in reclaiming and pacifying, and which, under his wise rule, has made such astonishing strides in the direction of progress and civilisation, while his name will always be associated with the determined and brilliant manner in which he stamped out slavery in one province under his charge. In Uganda Sir Harry Johnston will have a splendid field for the exercise of his peculiar qualities. The situation of the province marks it as one all important in the development of our South African possessions, and if anyone can improve its prospects as a satisfactory halfway house in Mr. Rhodes's magnificent scheme it will be its new administrator.

Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston was born in Kennington and was forty-one years old last month. He was educated at Sockwell Grammar School and King's College, and his first ambitions were all in the direction of art, which will surprise no one who has had an opportunity of inspecting his excellent work in this direction. He was a student at the Royal Academy for two years, and a Medallist of the South Kensington School of Art. He also became a Medallist of the Zoological Society. Just twenty years ago he turned his attention to geographical exploration, and since then he has been flitting about the world in various official capacities, but in each and all substantiating his claim to be reckoned with as one of the most brilliant of that little band whose mission it is to consolidate the far flung lines of our ever widening Empire. He travelled in North Africa, explored Portuguese West Africa and the Congo, and in 1884 commanded the scientific expedition of the Royal Society to Mount Kilimanjaro. In the following year his African experiences gained him the appointment of British Vice-Consul in the Cameroons. In 1887 he became acting Consul in the Niger Coast territories, and in the following year he was transferred to the opposite side of the

African continent as Consul for the Portuguese province of Mozambique. In 1889 he commanded the expedition to Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, which founded the British Central African Protectorate. In 1891 he became Commissioner and Consul-General for the Protectorate, and it was there that he displayed his remarkable administrative abilities. Under his rule British Central Africa was pacified and practically freed from the slave traders and raiders as already mentioned, and there is no more interesting volume than that in which the administrator and author told the story of its change from helplessness into a busy and prosperous dependency of the Empire. When two years ago Sir Harry Johnston resigned this post and came home to recruit his health, he was after a brief rest appointed Consul-General in Tunis.

Sir Harry Johnston, as already mentioned, is an explorer and artist as well as an official. His books on those African provinces which have come under his notice are crowded with well-studied observations, and his contributions to ethnology and natural history are as valuable as they have been interestingly set forth. He is, indeed, a man who has rendered a service to a science, and proved not once but many times that his methods are the outcome of the strictest reasoning. To readers of *The Graphic* Sir Harry Johnston is too well known to require introduction. For many years he has been a valued contributor. His natural history sketches and studies in particular have always been admirably observed, and sometimes one could almost regret that the artist should have given way so much to the administrator.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

The Theatres

By F. MOY THOMAS

CONSIDERING that the Germans have the reputation of being a dull, phlegmatic race, it is rather a curious fact that almost all the productions of the German stage that find their way to this country are of a wildly grotesque character. No Palais Royal was in his maddest mood has ever imagined anything more extravagant than *The Private Secretary*, by Herr Von Moser, which had a long run in London some years ago, or than the farcical comedies of German origin which have always formed so large a portion of the repertory of the American company under Mr. Augustin Daly whenever they have paid us a visit. In former days it was quite otherwise, when we imported from Germany only intensely sentimental plays like Kotzebue's *Stranger*, which continued to hold the stage in England within the measure of living playgoers. Are the Germans of to-day more frivolous than their forefathers? Possibly they are not but if so it is to follow that fashion has changed and that German farce has become a more marketable commodity abroad than it used to be. It is to Messrs. Oscar Blumenthal and Eustace Kodelburg's *Madame Nine* that Mr. F. C. Burnand is indebted for the substance of his new piece, *The Lady of Ostend*, with which Mr. Weedon Grossmith has made a promising start with his management at TERRY'S Theatre. In *Madame Nine* there is little that is new in the adventures of Mr. Whortles, the respectable man of business who is into such a desperate fix because he has been detected in a flirtation with a young lady on the banks of the popular Belgian watering-place, but the method of his detection there is a really brilliant idea from the point of view of farcical comedy. Mr. Whortles has reckoned without that latest product of modern science the cinematograph. While seated on a bench on the public promenade with a pleasing young person to whom his wife has not been introduced, he little dreams that the young person is employed by a firm of cinematograph producers in search of "films" of course courtship scenes. It need hardly be said that Mr. Whortles falls completely into the trap, for he subsequently takes his wife to an exhibition of living pictures, where suddenly, to his own dismay and his spouse's indignation, the whole scene on the seat at Ostend is reproduced with absolute fidelity. Poor Mr. Whortles! It is his one step from the path of conjugal rectitude; but then, as he explains, his friends all call him Jonah because he is proverbially unlucky. Other men may indulge in escapades to their hearts' content. With him the smallest peccadillo is certain to lead to his detection and discomfiture. And not only does his wife make his life a burden to him, but he is in imminent danger of his life, for the husband of the "Lady of Ostend" hears of the cinematograph picture, and besides being a very jealous man he is a professional wrestler and athlete of Herculean proportions. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who excels in parts such as that of the henpecked, terror-stricken husband, depicted the fears of the wretched Whortles with almost tragic intensity. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is far too agreeable a young actress to be very shrewish as the wife, but her performance for all that was effective, and there is some good comic business of a subsidiary kind for Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Wilfrid Draycott and Miss M. A. Victor. Perhaps the most original conception of character was that of Mr. Edmund Gurney as the athlete, who is all the more formidable because he adopts a jocular tone beneath which it is possible to detect a deadly earnestness of purpose. But heroes of farcical comedy never come to any harm, whence it is that the athlete obtains from his wife just in time for the usual happy ending an explanation which he deems perfectly satisfactory. The company which Mr. Weedon Grossmith has gathered round him is, as will be seen, a strong one, and the piece, although not a masterpiece of wit and humour, affords a pleasant enough entertainment. If it does not succumb prematurely under the influences of the tropical weather, it may possibly have a long career before it.

Among the theatrical companies registered recently is one for the revival of the comic opera *Paul Jones*. The capital is 3,000l. The company, called "Ghetto Limited," has a capital of 3,000l. This has probably been formed with a view to the production of Mr. Fernand's adaptation of a Dutch play called *The Ghetto*, which is to be played at the COMEDY Theatre in September next. Mr. Fernand will be remembered as the author of that curious little Chinese play *The Cherub*. *The Ghetto* has been played for one hundred nights in Amsterdam, and this is said to be the longest run obtained by any piece in that city. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. John Potter, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and Mrs. Charles Calvert will take part in the production. All the characters are Jews, save a young Christian lady, who will be played by Mrs. Brown Potter. Other companies are the "GARRICK Syndicate," with a capital of 100,000l., formed to adopt an agreement with Mr. H. T. Bricknell to manage the business of the GARRICK Theatre; "Gunn and Sons Limited," which is to control the GAIETY Theatre at Dublin, and the "Phœnia Limited," with a capital of 6,000l., although what or where Phœnia is does not appear.

The success of *The Weather-hen*, on its production at a recent performance at TERRY'S Theatre only a few days ago, has induced Miss Mary McIntosh and Mr. Graham Browne to take the COMEDY Theatre for a term in order to run it there. Whether there is,

as theatrical folks say, money in it—in other words, whether the public will go to see it—is another thing. The little band of connoisseurs who acclaim an author's work at a matinée are always glad to welcome anything out of the beaten track. *The Weather-hen* is, undoubtedly, unconventional in tone and treatment, but it is an unsatisfactory piece for all that, chiefly on account of the uncertainty it leaves in the mind of the spectator as to character and motives of the principal personages. Moreover, the authors, having set forth the problem, What is a married woman to do who has a worthless husband? fail to find a satisfactory solution to it, or even any solution at all.

Mr. Alexander has left the ST. JAMES'S; Mr. Beerbohm Tree bade farewell to his admirers at HER MAJESTY'S last week; Sir Henry Irving is preparing to take a short rest previous to his provincial and American tours; Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude leave the HAYMARKET on Friday next; Mr. Charles Wyndham says good-bye for ever to the CRITERION on the same date; M. Coquelin's season at the ADELPHI ends this afternoon; *On and Off* will be withdrawn from the VAUDEVILLE after to-night, and the last few performances of *Why Smith Left Home* are announced at the STRAND. In another fortnight's time we shall have reached the most stagnant season of the theatrical year.

During the present week M. Coquelin has been appearing in



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

WHO IS GOING TO UGANDA AS SPECIAL COMMISSIONER AND GOVERNOR

Cyrano de Bergerac, *Tartuffe*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Le Gendarme de M. Poirier*, a scene from *Le Mariage Forcé*, *Mlle. de la Seiglière* and *La Joie Fait Peur*. As a feat of memory alone, the performance of long and arduous parts in so many different pieces is noteworthy. His masterly impersonation of the scheming old lawyer Detournelles, in *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, in particular proved most successful. It is rather strange that Jules Sandeau's delightful comedy, which, after fifty years, is still played occasionally at the COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, has never been adapted into English. It is true that it depicts the manners of a period of French history, the period of the Restoration of Louis XVIII., but the objection does not seem insuperable. M. Jean Coquelin, who sometimes catches the tones of his father's voice, was not seen to so much advantage as the Marquis de la Seiglière as he was in the character of the *rôtisseur* in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The *émigrés* were a poor lot, no doubt, but at least they had distinction of manner, and this M. Jean Coquelin fails altogether to convey.

The interest taken in Mr. Charles Wyndham's farewell at the CRITERION is very great, and large sums are being given for seats. The larger the better, for the entire proceeds of the performance, without any deduction whatever, will go to a theatrical charity, in accordance with Mr. Wyndham's custom on great occasions of the kind. The play will be *Rosemary*, by Messrs. L. N. Parker and Murray Carson, one of the prettiest productions of Mr. Wyndham's management.

The special performance of *The Little Minister*, which was given

on Thursday afternoon at the Haymarket, was remarkable because every member of the original cast appeared in it. In these days of special engagements or special parts it is surprising to find such a revival possible. Next Friday the last performance of *The Minstrel* of *Jane* will be given at the same theatre. Mr. Cyril Maude and his company start on a provincial tour at the THEATRE ROYAL, Manchester, on September 4, with *The Little Minister*. On October 21 they will be back in London, when they will appear in Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *Le Tulipe Noire*.

Old actors are apt to complain that the modern touring system has been injurious to the art of acting. In the old stock companies, they say, young performers had plenty of practice, the programme being often changed, whereas an actor may go on playing hundreds of times one small part in a company that travels from town to town. Mr. Murray Carson, it seems, has determined to revive the old stock system just as it was thought to be dead. He has taken the PRINCESS OF WALES'S Theatre at Kennington for four months, beginning next September, and will engage a permanent company. The experiment will be watched with interest.

It is computed that three thousand people attended the funeral of Mr. Augustin Daly at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in New York. During the ceremony the St. Augustine's bell, Mr. Daly's contribution to the cathedral chimes, was tolled at the elevation of the Host and again as the body was borne from the cathedral. Mr. Daly's theatrical company sent a six-foot lyre of orchids and lilies, which was placed on the coffin.

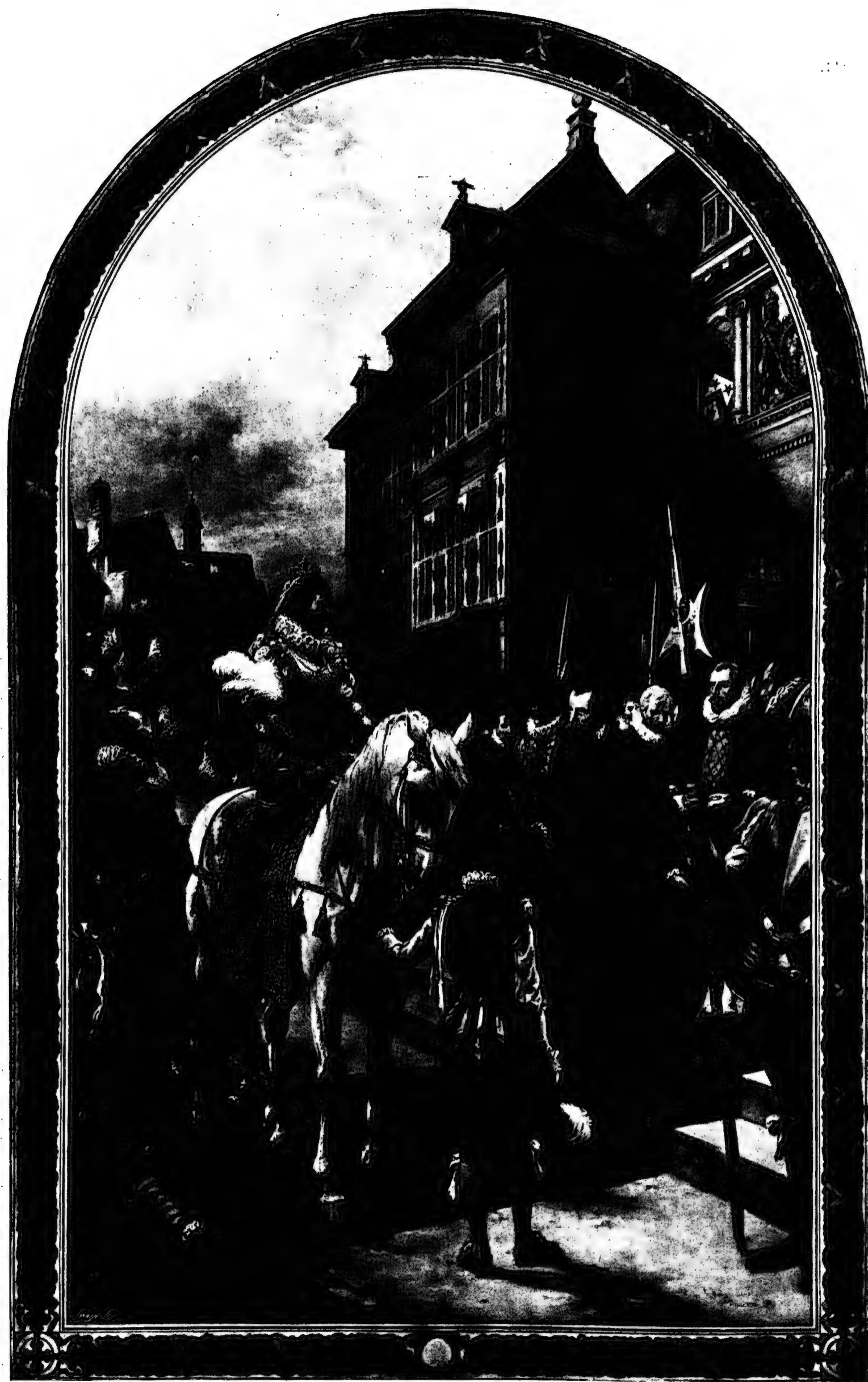
Mlle. Jane May gave a performance in French on Thursday afternoon at the GRAND Theatre, Fulham. She appeared in *Un Mari dans du Coton* (*A Husband in Clover*), and gave her imitation of Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

Some surprise has been caused by the fact that the dress rehearsal of the new comic opera, *El Capitán*, at the LYRIC was called for Sunday evening last. Sunday dress rehearsals are common in the United States, where the company engaged come from. They are not absolutely unknown in this country, since pantomimes have sometimes in urgent cases been rehearsed on Sundays; but, as a rule, English actors and actresses absolutely decline to work on the day of rest.

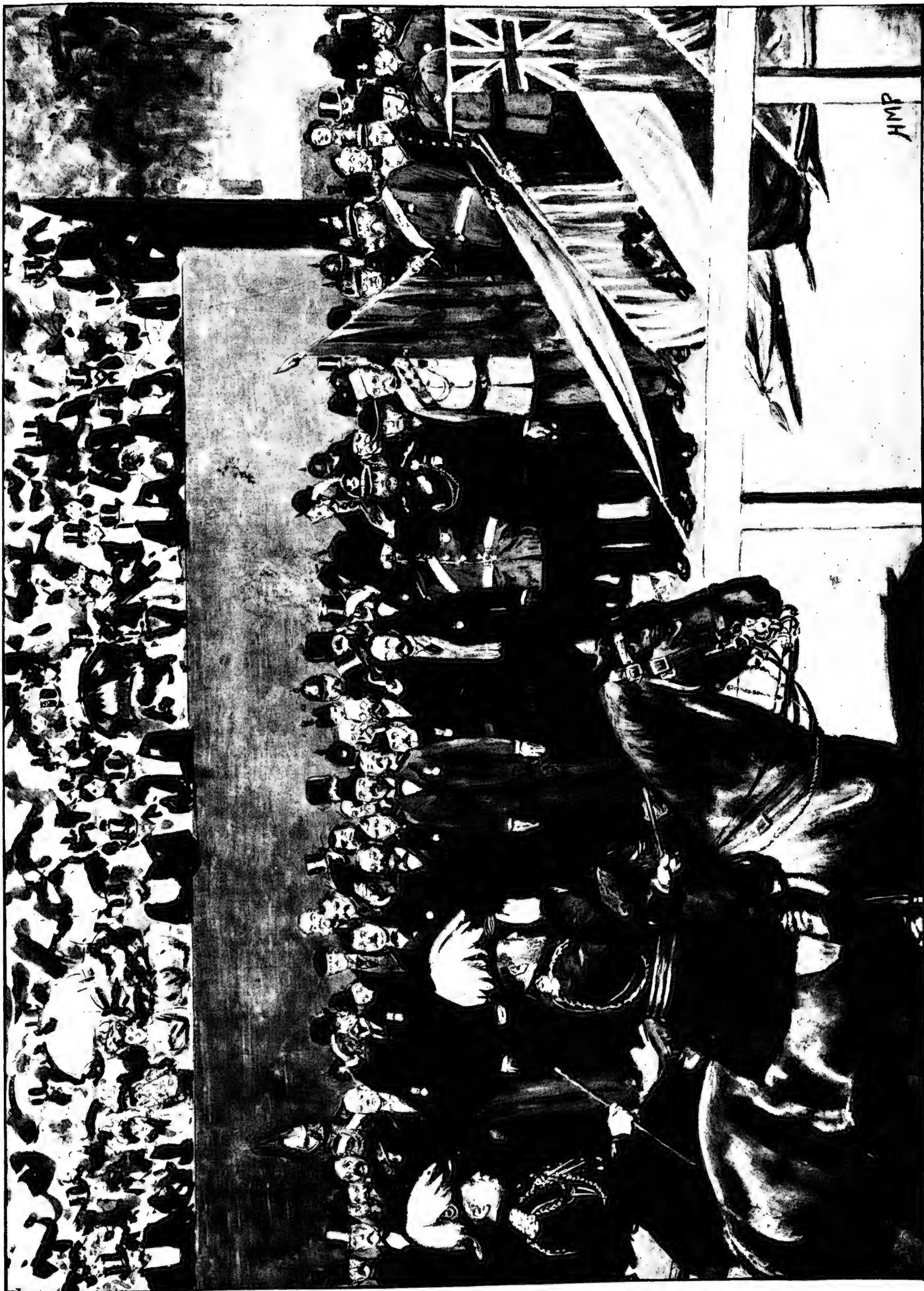
The latest addition to our suburban playhouses the ROYAL DUCHESS, at Balham, will be opened next month. A novelty in connection with this house is the introduction by the architect, Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, of an organ in the interior of the building.

Report had spoken rather highly of Mr. De Wolf Hopper, the American actor and singer, who made his first appearance, together with his company, at the LYRIC Theatre, on Monday evening, in the comic opera, *El Capitán*, and it was known that he and his coadjutors had been engaged in representing that piece in the United States for something like five years past. In reality, however, Mr. Hopper is an ordinary sort of low comedian of the Harry Monkhouse type, and the opera in which he appears is somewhat old-fashioned. Nominally the action is in Peru, in the seventeenth century, but as a matter of fact it is in a sort of scenic no man's land, where a Viceroy fights with a band of insurgents against himself, in order that he may be on the winning side, whichever it may be, and where, although it is sufficiently evident that he is nothing but a foolish old poltroon, he is acclaimed for his valour and has the greatest difficulty in preventing young women from marrying him, regardless of the fact that he already has a wife. The music, which is by Mr. J. P. Sousa, contains some not unpleasant reminiscences of composers like Lecoq and Audran, and great pains have been taken with the *mise-en-scène*, which is effective. The member of the company who pleased the audience most was undoubtedly Miss Jessie MacKaye, who is young, pretty, and as merry as a cricket.

DIED FOR WANT OF AIR.—The latest alarm raised by scientists, says *The Golden Penny*, is that the day is coming when we must live without air. Or rather, that being a physical impossibility, we must learn to manufacture the air necessary to support life, just as we make bread. "Free as the air we breathe" will some day become an out-of-date expression, for air will then no longer be free, but must be bought or toiled for just as flour is now. Those who will not work for their daily air supply and who cannot afford to buy it will perish, for Nature will have exhausted her supply. The remedy of science is a simple one. When there is no air left air must be manufactured. The artificial air will be stored up in great reservoirs, and to these receptacles will come the applicants for the supplies of oxygen, which will be carried home and doled out to the family as part of the day's means to support life. The manufactured oxygen will be breathed in as a diver inhales the air supplied him when he sinks beneath the waves. In fact, man will be as much at home in those days in the water as in the air, for in neither element will he be able to breathe. "Died for lack of air" will be a common verdict. "No money, no air," will be the rule of life unless by that time things have changed so that what would now have to be paid for, will then be given away.



THE FRESCO REPRESENTS QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR THOMAS GRESHAM OPENING THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE, AND IS THE GIFT OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY
THE NEW FRESCO AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.



The Prince of Wales would not permit the review to come to an end without paying a compliment to the veteran volunteers, who, grouped in two sections under the command of Major Vane Stowe, stood with their old colours by the Treasury and Admiralty stands. The veterans cheered the Prince as he approached, and dipped their colours. The Prince then examined the colours. Some of them date back to the time of George III. and the first Volunteer movement.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW: THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTS THE VETERANS

DRAWN BY H. M. PACET

The Volunteer Review

A GREAT opportunity was given to the Volunteers last Saturday, and they took it. Even an uninterested spectator could see what a massive piece of work the great review on the Horse Guards' Parade was, and could dimly perceive the elaborate underlying mechanism which made such a result possible. If by chance he had seen the regiments of Volunteers converging for hours upon St. James's Park, and deploying within it until its green expanses and tree-shaded roads assumed the appearance of a vast military picnic, his wonder that all these units could be gathered into an orderly formation which should march past a given point in well under two hours, deepened and strengthened. What to the lay spectator seemed a marvel of concentration was to the military critic who understood the difficulties and the details of the movement an achievement that was scarcely less surprising than creditable; and one may safely say that the Volunteers, and perhaps the Volunteer movement, assumed a very different aspect in the eyes of several military authorities after the centenary review from that in which they had been viewed before it. Perhaps one may add that the spectacle was not without impressiveness to some of our foreign visitors—the foreign military attachés, whose opportunities of seeing a full army corps such as this was in dimensions are usually severely limited in England.

This was the task set the Volunteers Headquarter Staff—to

flower-bed of ladies' dresses, but encroaching upon the already straitened space. The Royal carriages, with the Princess of Wales and her grandson, little Prince Edward of York, the Duchess of York, Princess Christian and the Duchess of Connaught—were all grouped in the space between the two stands and a little in front of them. In front of them, again, were the Volunteer Headquarter Staff, Major-General Trotter in chief command, and almost every official of the military side of the War Office above the rank of a colonel. It was not the easiest thing in the world to recognise them, for though this was a Royal occasion yet it was a "District" review, and, therefore, all were in blue undress uniform. But Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir George White are recognisable anywhere. So, of course, were the Princes right in front, by the side of the Royal Standard, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge in blue undress, the Duke of Connaught in the grey-green uniform of the London Irish, and the Duke of York in the more distinctive dress of a colonel of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery. It is a uniform with a curious headdress known familiarly as a "catskin," though as a matter of fact it is made of the skin of that more dignified beast the opossum. By the side of the Duke of York rode the Grand Duke Michael, an alert, restless figure in the workmanlike uniform of the Prabhrajinsky Guard, and behind them were the attachés of France, Germany, Russia, China, and Belgium—a rather striking patch of colour amidst the uniform soberness of the other military dresses. As already remarked the space over

The Latest Royal Exchange Decoration

THE latest picture affixed to the wall of the Royal Exchange by Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., the Keeper of the School of the Royal Academy. Although popularly termed "frescoes," these decorations are not painted, as true frescoes should be, the fresh ("fresco") surface of the wall itself. Such a method, which has for centuries been the glory of Italy and of countries endowed with a dry climate, has been given a very pathetically long, trial in this country. But the experiments here ended disastrously—at least in London. Those in the country itself—at Bowood for example—may have stood the dampness altogether badly. But men are not old who remember the trouble given at the Palace of Westminster by the genuine fresco, Maclise, Ward, Sir John Tenniel, Cope, and others; as well as the Cycle of Lawgivers, by Mr. Watts at Lincoln's Inn, and in a very minor degree, so far, by Lord Leighton's lunette at South Kensington Museum. Guided by this experience, pictures at the Royal Exchange are painted on specially-prepared canvas, which is then cemented to the walls in accordance with a well-devised system. In this way it is thought that the vital and humid atmosphere of London may be, for a long while, effectually defied.



Lord Rosebery

Prince of Wales

Duke of Buccleuch

Lord Provost of Edinburgh

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.L.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. FAULDS

H.R.H. RETURNING THANKS AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE CASKET CONTAINING THE TICKET

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EDINBURGH: RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY

collect the army of 27,000 men deployed in the Park, and to force them as through the neck of a bottle past the narrow space between the steps of the Duke of York's Column and the railings of the Park on to the Horse Guards' Parade. Across the Horse Guards' Parade the regiments in line of companies marched diagonally from the Duke of York's column to a point opposite the entrance to Whitehall, and there swinging into alignment for the salute passed parallel to Whitehall until they came to the Treasury buildings. Here the rigid manœuvre ended, but in order to offer no obstacle to the thousands of men coming up behind, each company formed fours at this point and doubled off in a cloud of dust—and in what state of heat can be imagined. Perhaps the manœuvre in cold print does not sound elaborately trying, but the men who performed it had been six hours on their feet, and they performed it without a mistake and with a splendid uniformity. It was the kind of manœuvre which a single hitch would have thrown out of gear; but the hitch never came.

As a spectacle the Review was more imposing than pretty. One could not say that it was so pretty a sight as the annual trooping of the Colour, which one naturally compared it. The big brown polygon of the Horse Guards' Parade seems made for the Trooping of the Colour, and the sober beauty of Whitehall, its windows gay with spectators, seems a background fitting to the antique dignity of that ceremonious occasion. But on the day of the Centenary Review, the old grey buildings, with their line of windows, were hidden behind two enormous stands, gay indeed with a fluttering

which the troops had to pass in review was much constricted, and from the stands the green trees of the Park, shimmering in the afternoon sun and casting long shadows on to the brown parade, looked quite near. Underneath them was a thick black line of onlookers, not picturesque certainly, but extremely curious because of its dimensions, and extremely noisy. Between them and the saluting base the glowing red and gold of the massed bands of the Guards seemed to take up all the space, and in the avenue whence the troops were to emerge could be seen the flash of scarlet and the glint of steel. It was a fine sight before a man moved; it was a still finer when the great machine had been set in motion, and, brigade by brigade, regiment by regiment, and company by company the great citizen army corps began to flow past. Five brigades, fifty-three regiments, seven hundred and twenty companies went by. The Honourable Artillery Company came first, the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps brought up the rear. Between them marched, in order of succession, the Volunteer Artillery, the Volunteer Engineers, the East London Brigade—perhaps the pick of the brigades, as the 3rd London was the pick of the regiments—the South London Brigade, the West London Brigade. The Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, Lord Wolseley and General Willis moved from their places by the saluting point to ride past at the heads of their regiments; and the Prince of Wales brought the review to an end in his princely, kindly way by inspecting the veteran Volunteers, who had been grouped with their flags, in the shade of the stands.

Mr. Crofts' work, as will be seen, represents the arrival of Queen Elizabeth to inaugurate the Royal Exchange that Sir Thomas Gresham founded, roughly speaking, three centuries and a half ago. The Queen on her white palfrey, and Sir Thomas in his robes, are the two chief features of a scene which is full of details that the eye of customs and costumes will recognise with pleasure. The charming form of decoration of the time of hanging fine carpets and tapestries from their windows on festal days, and festoons of leaves and flowers—derived from the earlier habit of suspending green boughs torn from trees—will here be noticed; and many another detail may be appreciated. The severe critic might complain that the work is too pictorial for its purpose, in this respect departing greatly from the note struck by Lord Leighton's picture painted, as he explained, "to give the decorative note to the room." Indeed, it is difficult to see how, without detracting from the design, the heavy circular wreath—the object most strikingly suspended in the sky of the other pictures, and intended to be common to all—could be introduced. This representation of the event, however, as might have been is highly interesting, and the face of the Virgin Queen extremely attractive—perhaps more so, indeed, than the bare truth might require. There is dignity in the work which is not without its value as an historical document—for we have here a glimpse of the architecture of a building which lasted so many years, and which was not worthily replaced until the present Queen similarly inaugurated the present Royal Exchange—as Mr. Robert Macbeth's picture hard by reminds the visitor to the building.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

NOVELTY in ballroom decoration is hard to attain. The changes have been rung repeatedly on the purely floral adornment.

Chains of roses, garlands of orchids, balls of flowers, all and every kind of lavish and wasteful luxury have been tried successively by vying millionaires, and still no new note struck. The Duchess of Devonshire deserves credit, inasmuch as, abandoning the abuse of flowers, which are not required in any really beautiful house, whose rooms are ornate and ceilings profusely gilded, she branched out at her recent ball into Japanese decoration on the special stairway, the terrace, and the supper room. The scheme of colour, blue and yellow (the Cavendish colours), lent itself admirably to the gigantic foliage, the tangle of feathery bamboo, the tall palms, the Japanese wall embroideries, the innumerable multicoloured twinkling lights, and all the brilliant paraphernalia of the supper table. Eccentricity, colour, variety, should be the special qualities of decoration at a fête where nothing should remind one of the ordinary family life. And all these exotic accessories, so lovingly described by Pierre Loti, bring out the beauty of women, the fairness of their skins, their shining eyes, to a supreme degree.

Trousseau and presents alike paled before the magnitude of Mrs. Lewis Vernon Harcourt's jewel case. Seldom, indeed, is a bride the happy possessor of such rare and magnificent gems, many of them not modern, and inartistically set, but the real Crown jewels of France, picked and perfect and flawless. First came a matchless row of pearls (those gems which appeal in some subtle and poetic manner to wise young girls, notwithstanding the familiar superstition that pearls mean tears), valued at 15,000*l.*, then two crowns, positively regal in size, one of diamonds, the other of diamonds and turquoises, with collar and ear studs to match, claimed attention, and, finally, amid a confusing variety of jewellery of all kinds, the unique rivière of diamonds with pendant stones, belonging to the regalia of France, won universal admiration. How proud yet how anxious must the position be of a young woman owning such a mass of precious stones, and bearing round her neck the jewels which have flashed from the shoulders of Queens, and glittered on the brows of Empresses. How she must cherish and guard them, and tremble lest the carelessness of a maid, or the keen stratagem of a burglar should deprive her of treasures which can never be replaced.

The Duchess of Portland presided very sweetly at one of the last meetings of the Women's Congress, on the subject of the protection of bird and animal life. The Duchess remarked that if they were to have liberty they did not mean to forget kindheartedness and love. An admirable maxim, yet while everyone must deprecate cruelty in any shape or form, the mere killing of wild birds may not

be brought with all the evil consequences good women regret, if it is true, as men of science tell us, that in this, as in all cases, sentimentalism may be ridden to death. An authority on bird life has remarked that death by starvation is the cruel fate that attends wild animals in their old age, and that he has seen birds in Devonshire in a hard winter dying by scores before his eyes—too weak to eat the food offered them. Thus every bird saved by the Humanitarians is condemned to a more lingering and cruel death. The extinction

hat; there was the scarlet lady, subtle, alluring, and mysterious; yellow, less popular if more striking; there was green, cool and delicious, and purple and mauve, its wearers looking like great slender convolvuli; there were accordion-pleated chiffon hats, and straws, and lace, and every variety of headgear in which it is possible to risk a sunstroke and grow sunburnt, and there was mirth and jollity and good temper and fine weather everywhere. The holiday of the aquatic athlete is one into which his sisters and

his sweethearts can enter heartily, and rarely do they lose the opportunity. Perhaps to the true river lover there is more charm in the quiet backwater, the shady sedgy pool, the savour of a hidden flirtation, the soft scented breezes, the impassioned song of the skylark, the quivering green reflections, and above all the solitude of the enchanted nook which calms the nerves and fires the lotus-eater with a pure delight.

The Queen's kindly reception of the International Congress of Women, and her invitation to partake of tea at Windsor Castle, set the seal on a most successful and prosperous undertaking. Her Majesty showed her usual kindly interest in all that relates to the welfare of women, and her graceful hospitality and kindness.

A very unusual compliment has been paid to Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis, of Cambridge, by the University of Halle in Germany. This learned lady has been given a degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Master of the Liberal Arts *honoris causa*, by the Philosophical faculty in acknowledgment of her having devoted her time and her money to the service of theological and Oriental science. She is considered not only eminent in her own country but throughout the whole world.

Colonel Baden-Powell

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, only arrived in England recently from India, where his regiment is stationed, and started on Saturday last for South Africa on special service. He has been selected on account of his special knowledge, he having been Military Secretary to General Sir Henry Smyth when commanding the troops at the Cape from 1888 to 1890, including the operations in Zululand in 1888, when his services were brought to notice by his chiefs. Colonel Baden-Powell joined the 13th Hussars in 1876, and in addition to the facts mentioned above he has served in India and Afghanistan. He was on special service in Ashanti in 1895 in command of native levies, and he acted as chief staff officer in the campaign in Matabeleland, and was mentioned in despatches. He was promoted from the 13th Hussars to the command of the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1897. Besides a distinguished military career, Colonel Baden-Powell is an excellent draughtsman, while his books on the campaigns in which he has been engaged and on sporting subjects, for he is a keen sportsman, have always been widely appreciated. *The Graphic* on many occasions has been indebted to his ready pen and pencil.



COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL ON HIS CHARGER "ACONITE"

WHO LEFT LONDON LAST SATURDAY FOR SPECIAL SERVICE DUTY AT THE CAPE

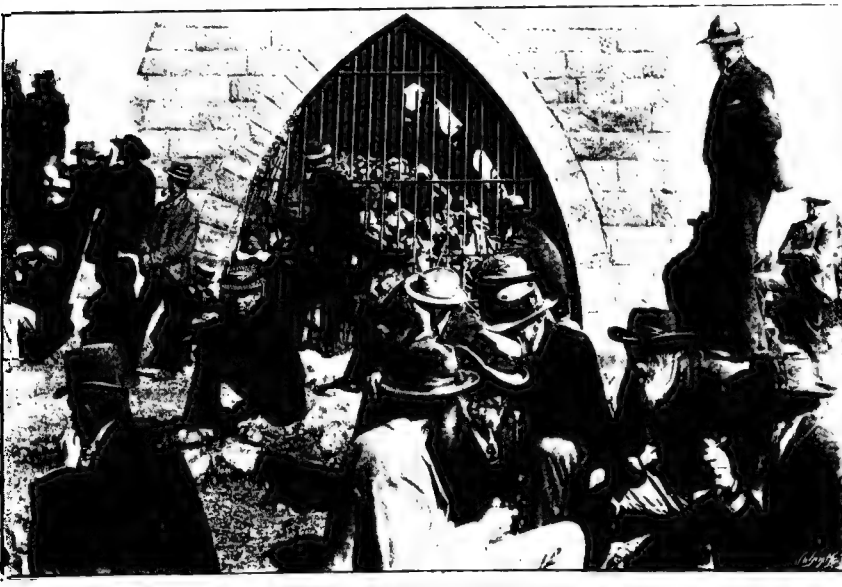
of a beautiful species by ruthless and wholesale murdering is, of course, another matter, and one deeply to be deplored in the interests of natural history. Yet is a speedy death, or a slow and painful one, the most desirable for fur and feather remains to be seen. Nature's fiat is that the weak must go to the wall.

The tropical heat suited Henley exactly. Colour was brilliant and Japanese enough to suit Mr. Mortimer Menpes. Plashes of sunshine, strange dazzling lights, bits of impressive shadow, and the cool green background of all things, lent a wonderful charm to women's dresses, who at Henley dare, and dare successfully. There was the virginal white as usual, pure and pale and vaporous, with muslin blouse and chiffon tie, and cloudy robes of trailing samite, mystic, wonderful! There was also blue, azure blue, the colour of the sky, with little cloud-like dabs of white in shoe, or glove, or

when commanding the troops at the Cape from 1888 to 1890, including the operations in Zululand in 1888, when his services were brought to notice by his chiefs. Colonel Baden-Powell joined the 13th Hussars in 1876, and in addition to the facts mentioned above he has served in India and Afghanistan. He was on special service in Ashanti in 1895 in command of native levies, and he acted as chief staff officer in the campaign in Matabeleland, and was mentioned in despatches. He was promoted from the 13th Hussars to the command of the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1897. Besides a distinguished military career, Colonel Baden-Powell is an excellent draughtsman, while his books on the campaigns in which he has been engaged and on sporting subjects, for he is a keen sportsman, have always been widely appreciated. *The Graphic* on many occasions has been indebted to his ready pen and pencil.



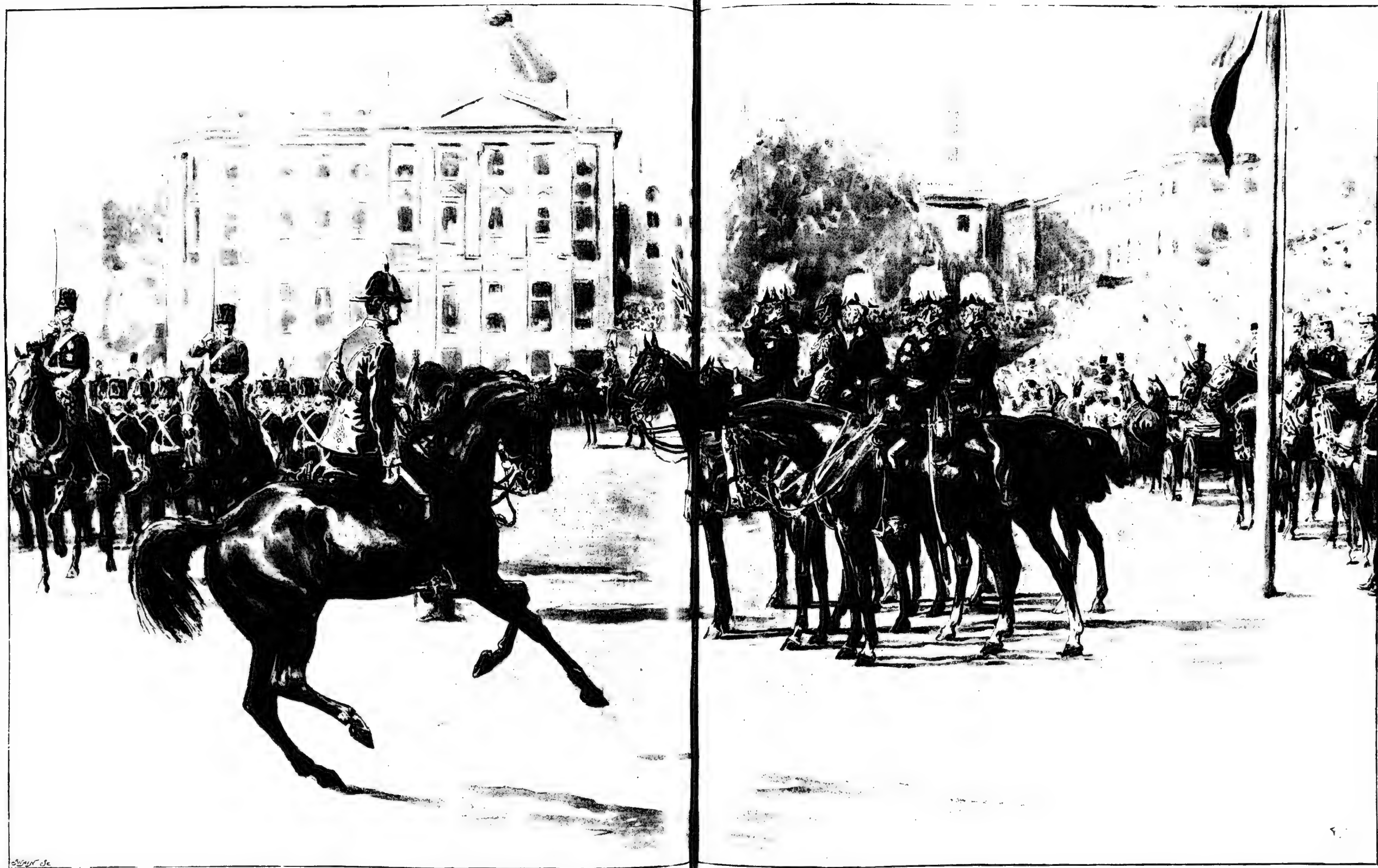
THE BOER DEMONSTRATION AT THE PAARDEKRAAL MONUMENT



THE PAARDEKRAAL MONUMENT

The accompanying illustrations refer to the Boer meeting held last month at Paardekraal, the scene of the declaration of independence in 1880. About 5,000 Boers were present, and were addressed by General Joubert and several Executive Members. The tone of the meeting was that not another hair would be conceded beyond the President's proposals at the recent Conference, and General Joubert called on all present

to remember the solemn oath taken by them in 1880, when each Boer, holding a stone in his hand, took an oath before the Almighty that they would shed their last drop of blood, if needs be, for their beloved country. These stones were then cast into one great heap, over which the historic monument of Paardekraal was raised. Our illustrations are from photographs by Horace Nicholls, Johannesburg.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES; THE DUKE OF YORK AT THE SALUTING POINT AT THE HEAD OF THE 3RD MIDDLESEX

DRAWN BY FRED DADD, R.I.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

VISITORS to St. Paul's Cathedral may now observe that on either side of the Great West Door a great candelabrum in bronze is being erected; and some will remember having seen the model exhibited in this year's Royal Academy exhibition. These two huge candelabra are not less than fourteen feet in height. They are the gift, one of the Decorative Committee, and the other, of an official of the Cathedral. Mr. Pegram is the designer, and in his work he has shown how well he can imagine and model, fashioning in the round, and in high and in low relief, a consecutive idea to be carried out in the Biblical spirit. This idea—of the Creation—properly embodied, is developed, as some might say, in the inverse order: that is to say, Man is at the bottom. At each apex of the tripod base is a beautifully modelled figure, representing the white, black, and yellow races; and from them, upwards, the development is traced back, until a suggestion of the Cross is reached, while the light itself is doubtless intended to symbolise the Divine effulgence.

Indeed, the Arts and Crafts, in their later expression, are every day being put to uses hardly less worthy—not the "arts and crafts" that seek for notice through undevolvement and quaint assumption of *naïveté*, but that true renaissance in which knowledge, beauty, tradition, and refinement all take their share in production of the work of genuine art. It is such a movement that the Academy has been attempting to foster ever since the year when Mr. Alfred Gilbert persuaded that institution to make a great feature of objects of art of the Italian Renaissance in the Winter Exhibition that the display made famous. And it is to a considerable degree that same movement which has induced the Academy to build out its borders still further. But that the great new room will be ready

Our Portraits

MR. ALFRED EMMOTT, of Woodfield, Werneth, Oldham, was born on May 8, 1858, at Chadderton, where his father was then engaged in the cotton-spinning industry in company with the present candidate's grandfather. His parents being members of the Society of Friends, he was sent to the Quaker school at Kendal, and later to Grove House, Tottenham, and he subsequently took a B.A. degree at London University. In 1876 he entered his father's business at Oldham, and after practically acquainting himself with every detail of all the branches of the mills and the general working of the concern, was in 1881 taken into partnership. The Emmott firm has at present, it may be mentioned, one of the largest cotton-spinning and weaving factories in the county, the Vale Mills, in Clegg Street and Greaves Street, running some 850 looms and 90,000 spindles. In 1890 the partnership of Messrs. Thomas Emmott and Sons was changed into a private limited company, of which Mr. Alfred Emmott and his brother are the managing directors. He is a magistrate for both the borough and the county, was Mayor of Oldham in 1891-2, is president of both the Reform Club and the Liberal Registration Association, and for twelve years served the borough as councillor, alderman, and mayor, only retiring in 1895.

Mr. Walter Runciman, jun., is the only son of Mr. Walter Runciman, of Fernwood House, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was born on November 19, 1870, was educated at Newcastle and at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating B.A., with honours, in 1892, and proceeding M.A. in 1895. He is a partner in the firm of Walter Runciman and Co., steamship owners and brokers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Bishopsgate Street, London, the owners of the Moor Line of steamers. He is a member of the Reform and Eighty Clubs, and has been a member of the Newcastle School Board since 1893. He married in 1898 Hilda, fifth daughter of Mr. J. C. Stevenson, of Kenton Lodge, Newcastle, chairman of the River Tyne Commissioners, and formerly M.P. for North Shields. Mr. Runciman had a brilliant career at Cambridge, taking first-class honours in the History Tripos.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Major-General Sir John Frecheville Dykes Donnelly, K.C.B.,

Yorkshire. He was born in 1823, was educated at Kippax Grammar School and Owen's College, Manchester, and has resided at Castleford since 1858, where he has occupied many important positions in connection with the county. He is a member of a malting firm, and is a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, chairman of the Visiting Committee of the County Justices for York, Castle and of the Prisoners' Aid Society, York, and has been a member of the West Riding Police Committee, chairman of a Board of Poor Law Guardians, and chairman of the Castleford School Board, and he was formerly president of the Osgoldcross Liberal Association.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

Lord's Past and Present

FROM the first time that the public-school boy, proud in the consciousness of owning a great school, goes to Lord's to see his team win the annual match, he always keeps in his mind a clear and pleasant recollection of that pleasant place. In that halcyon recollection the day is always fine. The sun shines hotly down on the green carpet, the great Pavilion is black with a shining phalanx of top hats, the enclosures are filled with fluttering silks and ladies' eyes. In the pleasantest of all recollections it is his own School which is at the wickets, and the rattle of applause goes round the crowded ground as a four, and then another four, goes up to the batsman's fifty. There's a lovely catch for you!—right off the end of the bat and past point like lightning to the boundary—it evokes a ripple of enthusiasm among the silk hats in the Pavilion, and the shout from the eagerly attentive spectators in the public school stands makes even the people on the coaches turn round to look at the game.

As the afternoon wears on and the sun begins to beat upon the tennis court, with its big clock face above the ivy, a murmur and a rustle grows upon the ground. It is not the greater excitement of the play; no, the right side is still at the wickets scoring steadily; but it is a gaily conversational throng which has slipped away from the wicket for half an hour to walk round the ground and catch a sight of old or new acquaintances. By shutting his eyes an old public school man can easily recall that sight and sound, and the feeling of it all—the soft July air, the warm sun, the sound of



MR. ALFRED EMMOTT
One of the New Radical M.P.'s for Oldham



MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN
One of the New Radical M.P.'s for Oldham



SIR G. W. KEKEWICH, K.C.B.
New Secretary of the Science and Art
Department, South Kensington



SIR JOHN DONNELLY, K.C.B.
Late Secretary of the Science and Art
Department, South Kensington



SIR JOHN AUSTIN, BART.
M.P. for Osgoldcross

next year when Professor Herkomer's bardic sword, to be presented at the next National Eisteddfod, will be exhibited, not the most sanguine is likely to expect.

The planetary system of the world of art is evolving at a steady rate. Whirling through space the art world is for ever casting off new bodies, which sometimes follow, if properly inspired and solidly constituted, whirling in its wake; but which, more often than not, fly off into space, comet-like—all tail and no head—sputter out and are heard of no more. What is the new body which seems to have been shocked at the conservatism (!) of the Champs de Mars Salon in Paris, whether planet or comet it is impossible to say. But, surely, schism can scarcely further go, if the men conducting it are serious. Monsieur Amand Jean wishes us to understand that he and his friends, although in revolt, are neither dissidents nor revolutionaries. They only want to be relieved from the contamination of men whose artistic work is not in complete sympathy with their own. They will have no variety, which is the delight of the public: all their works exhibited must be more in the same key. The result should certainly prove harmonious in general effect, if not of wide interest.

It is often asked if the works of George Cruikshank have not lost the popularity they once enjoyed. The factitious interest that Cruikshank's personality once exercised, this perhaps they have lost; but their intrinsic merit, in spite of attempted deliberate depreciation, is appreciated as much as ever. The fact is not proved only by the sale-room, for that is often an extremely untrustworthy guide; it is proved by the middle-class travelling public—the very people, in fact, who make popularity. The famous comic "Progress of Mr. Lambkin (Gent)," has been recently issued at a nominal price; and although there is so much grotesqueness, caricature, and primitive and fantastic humour about it, and despite the fact that the time, fashion, and customs represented are all out of date, the public appreciation of this re-issue is so remarkable that it will be surprising if artists of to-day do not take the convincing hint and revert to the pleasant practice of "stories in pictures" in book form, which our fathers used to hail with so much applause, and encouraged to such good purpose.

who has just retired from the Secretaryship of the South Kensington Museum, owing to the inexorable limit of age rule, has done yeoman's service in those departments for forty years, having been appointed an Inspector for Science in 1859. In 1874 he was created Director of the Science Department, in 1881 Assistant Secretary to the Science and Art Department, becoming the Secretary and permanent head in 1884. Throughout this period Sir John Donnelly has devoted himself with heart and soul to his duties, and with what admirable result every visitor to the South Kensington Museum may gather for himself. It has been truly said of him that he has been unquestionably one of the most disinterested officials that the Civil Service has ever included—and the battles he has fought for his department with Parliament and even the Treasury are matters of history. Indeed, it is much to be regretted that the rule which compels officials to retire at a fixed age cannot, under such circumstances as these, be relaxed, for the loss of such valuable services as those rendered by Sir John Donnelly, who is still in the plenitude of his powers, and has an intimate knowledge of the whole working machinery of the Museum, will be severely felt. Sir John Donnelly, who was born in 1834, is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel T. Donnelly, H.E.I.C.S., and himself saw service in his younger days, having entered the Royal Engineers in 1853, and served through the Crimean War—receiving a medal with two clasps, the Turkish medal and the Legion of Honour. He became Major-General (retired) in 1887, was created C.B. in 1886, and K.C.B. in 1893.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox.

Sir George William Kekewich, K.C.B., who is succeeding Sir J. F. D. Donnelly, K.C.B., as Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was appointed examiner in the Education Department in 1867 and senior examiner in 1871. He has been secretary to the Committee of Council on Education since 1890. He received his C.B. in 1892, and was created K.C.B. (civil) in 1895.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Sir John Austin, who has just succeeded in increasing his majority as the result of an appeal to his constituency on the subject of Local Veto, is the younger son of the late M. John Austin, of Kippax,

whose youthful footsteps and of gay youthful voices, the pretty faces and the clean-limbed athletic figures which were privileged to be the "pretty faces' escort"—"youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." Then there were other days at Lord's which came after, when the old boy, with not quite so many friends now as he had then, and with not quite so much time on his hands, spared an hour or so to run up to St. John's Wood and watch the game from the new seats. There, amidst old parsons, and schoolmasters, and the other "old boys" who have not followed up their University days with a career of affluence, he followed every stroke of the game, and felt himself once more of those "who walk in Poole's shoes, and siller hae to spare." His own modest lunch he scrambled at a refreshment bar; but he had no envy of the more luxurious people on the coaches; he met an old friend or so, and once more he felt in and of that brotherhood of public school life which many years and varied circumstances cannot dissolve.

But that is Lord's of the past. Another Lord's has sprung up now, and the first year of it seems not so good to the "land of past days" as that which it has swept away. On the old line of ground, where formerly the coaches used to stand in a half a dozen half the usual number, for the space is less than half that of the old years. The huge new stand has swept the space where they used to cluster thickly, and has swept away the ivied tennis court, and as the rows of seats where we used to sit and imagine for a few minutes that we were young again. It has swept away, too, the promenade, for who wants to promenade behind a brick wall, and the sights and sounds of the match as far away as if they were in another county? The huge new stand, oddly christened by the authorities "the Mound," may have several advantages from the point of view of convenience, but it has nothing like the picturesqueness of the old arrangement, and has dealt a death blow to the promenade.

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS AT KENSINGTON have attracted crowds on Sunday since they were thrown open to the public for Her Majesty's birthday. Twenty-five thousand persons have passed through the rooms on the six Sundays. Londoners throng on Sundays to see the Turners at the Guildhall, the average attendance being 1,000 visitors in the afternoon.

Music of the Week

"MESSALINE" AT COVENT GARDEN

M. ALVAREZ has come to London more especially to play the principal tenor part of the African gladiator created at Monte Carlo by Signor Tamagno, in Mr. Isidore De Lara's *Messaline*. This opera was announced at Covent Garden on Monday, but it was postponed first till Wednesday and afterwards till Thursday of this week. This postponement has led to the abandonment of the proposed revival of Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, in which M. Alvarez was to have played the chief part, a rôle in which he is extremely popular in Paris. As, however, the season closes next week, and as the rehearsals of *Messaline* have taken so long, time does not allow of any preparation for *Le Prophète*.

Messaline is, of course, the notorious Roman Empress of that name, but otherwise the libretto by MM. Silvestre and Ma and is an invention of their own. Details of the plot would hardly be here in place. It will suffice that the Empress, like another Mlle. Lange (in *La Fille de Madame Angot*), hearing that a certain revolutionary ballad singer had composed ribald songs against herself, causes the young man to be introduced into the Palace, and by her arts fascinates him. In the next act, in the course of a realistic scene in a Roman tavern, the stage being filled with dicers, drunkards, abandoned women and others, the Empress suddenly appears, and, not being recognised, is subjected to insult. This situation will recall that in Ambrose Thomas's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Queen Elizabeth goes to the Boar's Head after her lover, William Shakespeare. From the Roman tavern the Empress is rescued by the ballad singer's brother, a Gladiator, with whom, accordingly, she forthwith proceeds to fall in love. The love scene in the Empress's "Secret House," at the opening of the third act, is perhaps one of the most impassioned numbers which even Mr. De Lara has yet attempted. The jealous ballad singer attempts to murder the Empress, but his hand is stayed by the Gladiator, who kills him on the spot, afterwards delivering himself up to the lions in horror on discovering that he is a fratricide. This powerful scene is magnificently played by M. Alvarez and Madame Héglon.

Mr. De Lara's music shows a considerable advance upon his earlier operas, *The Light of Asia* and *Amy Robson's Moïna*, which was produced a year or two ago at Monte Carlo, is said to be better still, but this Roman story seems to have given Mr. De Lara plenty of opportunities of which he has made abundant use. Consequently, although the final death scene is much too long drawn out, we have sensuous dances, love songs and duets, and in the tavern scene much music of a lighter, but always picturesque and highly coloured character, the warm orchestral colouring being indeed a special feature of the opera. One fine solo in the second act, an apostrophe to the star of Venus, sung by the Empress, a part played by Madame Héglon, shows the composer at his best. Of the performance, however, we cannot now speak, and it must suffice that if we may judge by the rehearsals the representation bade fair to be an extremely fine one; for the opera has been superbly mounted, and the chief parts are, of course, safe in the hands of Madame Héglon, a most striking representative of the Empress, M. Alvarez most powerful as the Gladiator, and M. Renaud excellent as the Ballad Singer.

Except as to *Messaline*, the week has been devoted to repetitions of opera already heard this season. M. Alvarez has made his *réentrée* as Romeo, but before a comparatively small audience. On Monday, however, when he was announced to play the same part with Madame Melba as Juliette, the house was sold out in advance. Adolphe Adam's *Le Châliet* which was used by the Queen's wish as a *lever de*

rideau at the "Command" performance at Windsor Castle earlier in the week, was revived at Covent Garden on Saturday. But this simple and almost Watteau-like opera is far too small for so large a stage. The chief success was won by M. Plançon as the gruff Sergeant. To-night (Saturday) we are promised *Faust* with M. Alvarez in the titular character, and Madame Melba as Marguerite.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

The concert season will practically close next week, but the long procession of foreign and other concert-givers has certainly not yet come to an end. Many of these ambitious people are really still in a state of pupil-hood, and they would

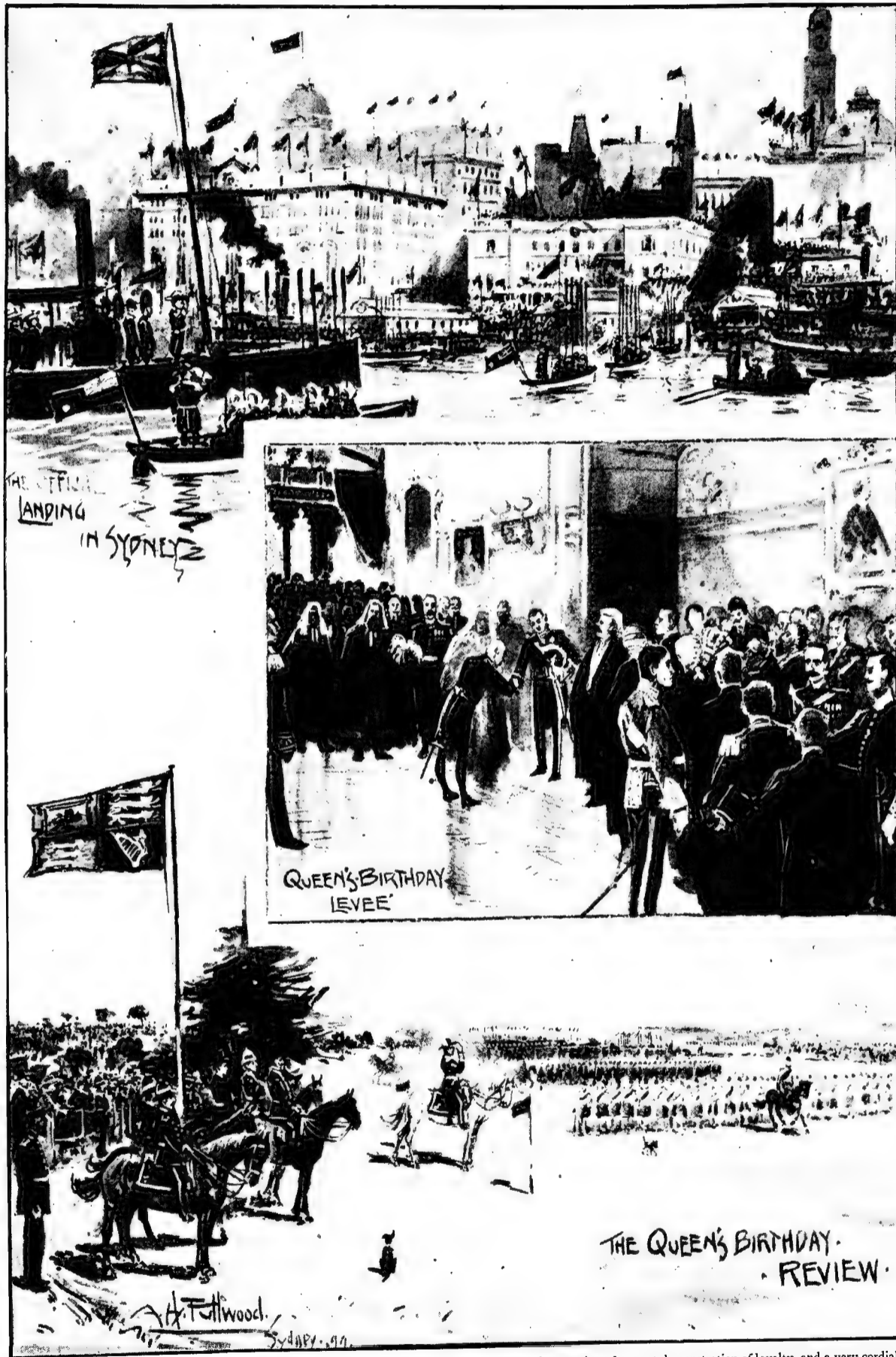
A Year in Rhodesia

THE Chartered Company's annual report on Rhodesia is exceptionally interesting reading this year. Mingled with the maps and plans, and all the administrative details of a great and growing Imperial colony, are chapters of information which serve to remind one how lately that colony was a no-man's land destitute of the beginnings of civilisation. To take the crushing of the threatened Angoni rising. "The threatened rising," observes the Administrator's report laconically, "was sharply and decisively dealt with, the leader of the movement, the eldest son of Mpeseni being captured and executed." The cattle captured by the troops on this occasion

were returned to the natives, "with the exception of 2,000 retained as a fine for misconduct of the people, and for other purposes"—a neat touch that. However, with the dying down of the rinderpest, and a growing belief on the part of the Mashonas that all is for the good of the native in the best of all possible administrations, the number of cattle are increasing, and the content with the white man's methods of civilising is growing. The only thing the Mashona cannot stomach is work. With the added security to life and property, and with increasing agricultural prosperity, the native has not so much work to do in order to live, and work he will not for pleasure. "It may be said with certainty that the vast majority of the natives in this country do not work at all, or do not work for more than one or two months in the year, the remaining period with occasionally brief spells of work on their lands being spent in absolute idleness." The same thing has been observed in other British possessions, the West Indies, for example.

In Matabeleland the labour difficulties have led to the importation of a new tribe, quaintly named the "Fingoos." The Fingoos, unlike the Matabele, are a most industrious tribe inhabiting the district of Butterworth, in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, and the forty families which have come to Rhodesia as settlers "express their satisfaction with the country"—and great things are expected of them unless they come too closely into contact with the Matabele settlements or reservations, in which case there will probably be something more than words. As another administrator remarks, the natives cherish resentment against one another far longer than against the white man, the probable cause being that each is confident that with a fair field it can thrash the other, whereas in the case of the white man no such hopeful illusion can any longer be upheld. The need for labour led the administrator of Matabeleland to make one or two expeditions northwards among them a very useful one to King Lewanika, who lives in northernmost Rhodesia near the Victoria Falls. This interesting monarch, as he was seen by Captain Lawley, the administrator, wore "on his head a black, broad-brimmed felt hat over a scarlet nightcap. A long bright blue dressing-gown, much embroidered with scarlet braid in Manchester style, a flannel shirt, tweed waistcoat, trousers, and aggressively new yellow boots, completed his costume."

In Barotseland, the Egypt of the territory civilisation is only just beginning to make itself felt, and it does not appear a very delectable country. Part of it becomes flooded each year as Egypt is inundated by the Nile. When the rains come on and the low parts of the valley become flooded the white ants become rabid and thousands of rats, mice, and snakes are driven on to the knolls to avoid the water. The worst plague of all, however, are the red soldier ants, or the "scornji"—a good name. They come at nights in armies, nothing can stand before them; horses and cattle in their kraals go nearly mad and bellow with the pain of their bites. They have been known to kill big bullocks. Yet the Barotse prefer the valley to the high ground; and the King only removes to the high forest ground for a species of summer holiday.



A Sydney correspondent writes that Earl Beauchamp's landing at Sydney harbour was the occasion of a great demonstration of loyalty, and a very cordial greeting was accorded to the representative of the Queen. Shortly after his arrival, Earl Beauchamp held a Levée in honour of the Queen's birthday, this being his first reception as Governor, while before this there was a grand review of troops at the Centennial Park to commemorate the same event.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

DRAWN BY A. H. FULLWOOD

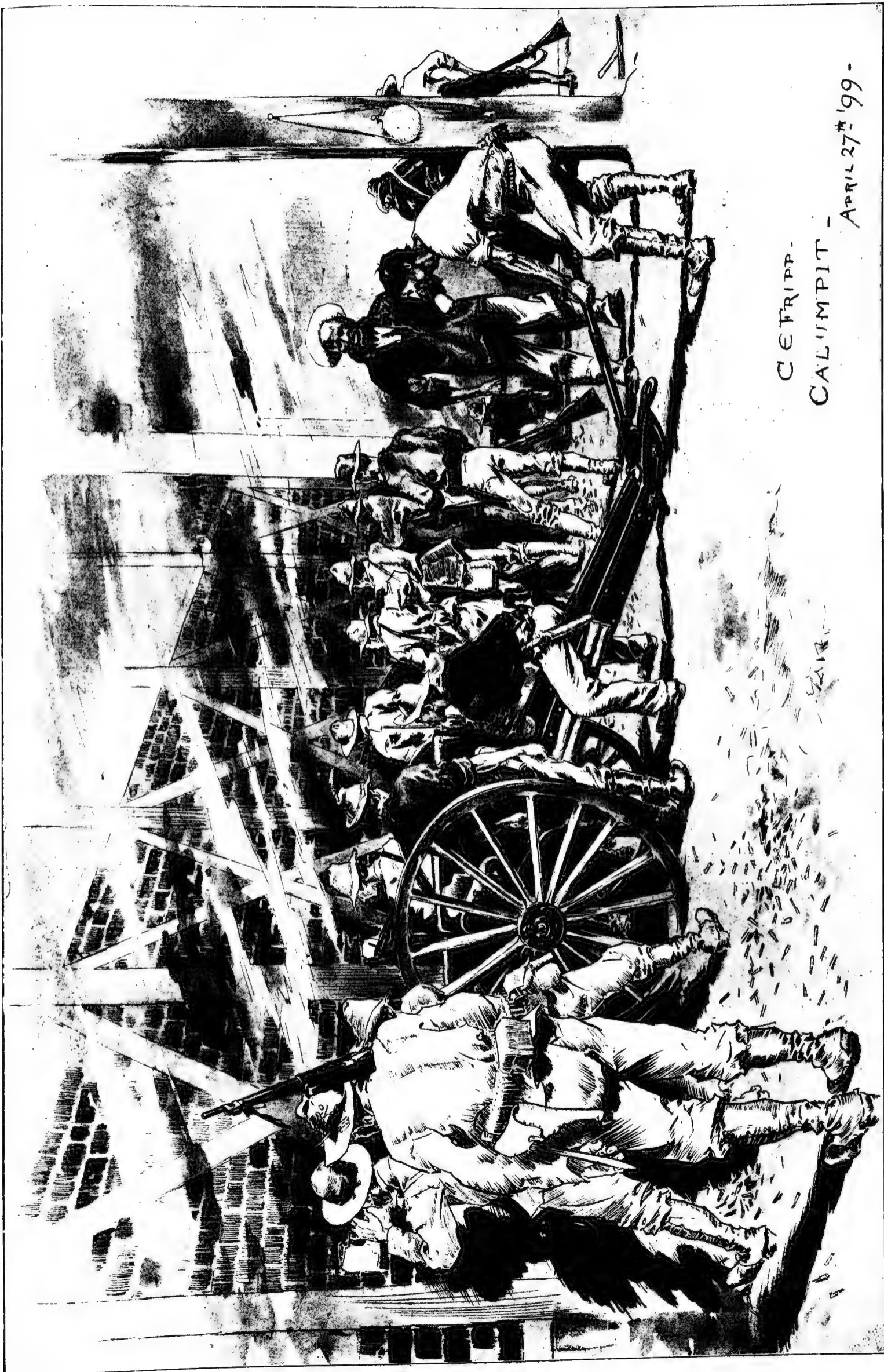
have been far wiser to have postponed their *débuts* until they were better fitted for public appearances. Among the most successful of the concert-givers last week was Mlle. Aurélie Révy, a young lady who, in the course of "Une Heure de Musique," not only sang Hungarian songs composed or arranged by herself, but also played the violin and the piano. Mr. Jan Mulder at his concert introduced for the first time here a cleverly written String Quartet in A Minor from his own pen, while Madame Steinhauer, a vocalist from Copenhagen and obviously a very refined singer, relied at her recital on Monday mostly upon the works of her husband, Mr. Arthur Mallinson. Indeed, no fewer than twenty of his songs were in the programme.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE 16TH (LONDON IRISH) MIDDLESEX
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



LORD WOLSELEY LEADING THE LONDON FUSILIERS PAST THE SALUTING POINT
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON
THE CENTENARY REVIEW OF VOLUNTEERS BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES



C E FRIPP -
CALUMPIT -

APRIL 27th '99 -

Under the shelter of a railway shed, the walls of which were loopholed, the Americans kept up a hot fire over the Rio Grande on the defences of the Calumpit Bridge. After musketry and artillery fire had been poured into the opposing trenches for five or six hours a crossing was effected unopposed, when the insurgents were seen running away, and in a few more minutes had lost more men than during as many hours previously.

THE FIGHTING IN MANILA: UNITED STATES TROOPS IN ACTION AT CALUMPIT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—VI.

BRITISH MUSICIANS

By W. H. CUMMINGS, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music

THE nineteenth century has been eventful in the history of music; it is noteworthy that only recently the study and practice of music, in accordance with the European system and scales, has been officially introduced into Japan; and in consequence of the never-ceasing enterprise of British commerce, every portion of the globe has been familiarised with music as practised in these islands. It will, therefore, be interesting briefly to note the doings of some prominent English musicians who have contributed by their labours to the present condition of the musical art. At the end of the last century music was at low-water mark in this country. True it is that the visits of Haydn in 1791 and 1794 had created a taste for instrumental music in certain select circles, and that Beethoven's fame had begun to spread here at the beginning of this century; his first symphony was produced in Vienna in 1800, his opera *Fidelio* in 1805, and a few years later, in 1813, thirty of the most eminent music professors residing in London, joined in the formation of the "Philharmonic Society." The original members were Ashe, Ashley, Attwood, Ayrton, Bartleman, Berger, Bishop, Blake, Clementi, Cooke, Corri, Cramer, F. Cramer, Dance, Graeff, Griffin, Hill, Horsley, Knывett, Moralt, Neat., Novello, R. Potter, Salomon, Sherrington,

he said, "Never mind, I will write another copy," and accordingly did so from memory, every detail of the orchestra being accurately reproduced. Cramer, mentioned above, was the celebrated pianist-composer, who was brought from Germany by his father when only

Unfortunately, Bishop was not content to follow the bent of his natural English genius, but, acting by the advice of mistaken friends, endeavoured to compete with foreign composers, notably Weber, with the result that he adopted some of their methods and individualities of style, to his own and our irretrievable loss. His "Home, Sweet Home," is a treasure dear to the heart of every English-speaking man and woman. Some doubt has occasionally been expressed as to his title to claim it as his own composition. The facts are as follows: about 1820 the publishers, Goulding, D'Almaine, and Potter, of Soho Square, engaged Bishop, in conjunction with Thomas Haynes Bayley, the poet, to edit a collection of pieces under the title "Melodies of Various Nations." As they could not discover a Sicilian melody, Bishop composed one to words by Bayley, commencing "To the home of my childhood." Later on, in 1823, J. Howard Payne wrote the libretto "Clarissa, Maid of Milan," and Bishop was engaged to supply the music; one of the songs was "Home, Sweet Home," and Bishop took the melody of his former Sicilian song and adapted it to Payne's words. The song was sung by Miss M. Tree, it immediately caught the ear and fancy of the public, and has retained its foremost place in their estimation ever since.



JOHN BRAHAM AS LORD AINSWORTH
From the Portrait by Foster



MISS STEPHENS (AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF ESSEX)
From the Painting by J. Jackson, R.A.



SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP
From a Drawing by Wageman

one year old, and as he lived continuously in London, except when touring, until his death in 1858, is rightly claimed as an Englishman. He founded the publishing house of Cramer and Co., and was the brother of the renowned violinist, Francois Cramer.



THOMAS ATTWOOD
From an old Print



MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE



WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE
From an old Print



SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT
Photo by H. N. King, Bath

Shield, Sir G. Smart, Viotti, S. Webb and Yaniewitz; to these were added, as Associates, twenty-five other gentlemen, amongst whom were Beale, Horn—the composer of "Cherry Ripe"—Mori, the violinist, and Welsh, the singing-master, who taught the celebrated soprano, Kitty Stephens, afterwards the Countess of Essex.

Attwood had been a favourite pupil of Mozart, to whom he had been sent by the Prince Regent. Some of Attwood's exercises, which he worked whilst a pupil of Mozart, are still in existence, and in one place where the pupil had made a blunder Mozart has written the complimentary remark, "You are a donkey." Attwood became a remarkable organist and an excellent composer for church, chamber, and theatre. The music he wrote for the latter has long been shelved with the forgotten plays to which it was attached, but his sacred compositions are in frequent use in cathedrals and churches. His anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost," is universally popular. It is pleasant to remember that the pupil of Mozart became the attached friend of Mendelssohn, who first appeared in London in 1829 at a Philharmonic Concert given in the Argyll Rooms. It was the custom of the time for the conductor to sit or stand at a grand piano, and if necessary to correct mistakes or supply omissions on the instrument. Mendelssohn was led on to the orchestra by Cramer to conduct his own Symphony in C minor, each movement of which was applauded with enthusiasm by the audience, who insisted on a repetition of the Scherzo. Mendelssohn and his music had been ill received in Berlin. No wonder, therefore, that the spontaneous recognition of his genius by a London audience deeply affected his sensitive nature. He wrote to Jenny Lind that it "lifted a stone from his heart." Shortly after the Philharmonic performance he conducted his overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at a concert, and returning home in a cab with Attwood, left the manuscript score in the vehicle. When told of the disaster

Beethoven, in speaking of pianists, placed Cramer at the head of them. Bartleman, whose name occurs in the list of members of the Philharmonic Society, began life as a choir boy in Westminster Abbey, and attained celebrity as a bass vocalist. He was

Clementi, the father of modern pianoforte playing, died in 1832, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He is remembered as pianist and composer, and also as the connecting link between the old and new schools. When he was born Handel was alive, yet Clementi outlived Beethoven, Schubert and Weber. Horsley deserves mention as the greatest of English glee writers, and because of his intercourse with Mendelssohn, who, hearing at Horsley's house some of the best specimens of English glees, expressed his delight and admiration of their excellence and beauty. Novello, the famous musician who founded the publishing firm of that name, was associated with all the notable contemporary musicians, and was the father of a family of artists, the most gifted of them being the renowned soprano, Clara Novello, born in 1818, and still living in Rome. Her noble voice, consummate skill, and mental qualifications, made her a favourite with composer and the public generally. Sir George Smart during his life was the most respected and best



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Photo by Walery, Regent Street



ARABELLA GODDARD
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street



JOHN SIMS REEVES
From a Photograph by Barrauds, Oxford Street

noted for his declamatory singing in Purcell and Handel music. He died in 1821, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Bishop, born in London in 1786, produced his first composition on the stage in 1804, and continued during a long life (he died in 1855) to write for the theatres; he possessed a splendid gift of melody, and was thoroughly conversant with the technical knowledge necessary for the equipment of a composer of the highest rank. When he relied on his own native genius he was invariably successful; in proof of which may be cited the popular pieces "Blow, Gentle Gales," "The Chough and Crow," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Pilgrim of Love," "When the Wind Blows." An amusing anecdote is told in connection with the latter. One day, in the street, Rossini met and greeted the great Bishop, and, after some hesitation, said "Ah! sir, I know you well, and I cannot remember your name, but you are—and then he whistled the opening phrase of "When the Wind Blows"!!

credited conductor in this country. He was the accepted authority for all Handel traditions, he had played the drums in the orchestra under Haydn, and was the warm friend of Weber, who died in his house in Great Portland Street, shortly after the production of *Otello*, in 1826. The mention of the latter brings to mind the great singer Braham, for whom Weber composed the part of Huon. He possessed a voice of exceptional volume and compass, and is credited with remarkable declamatory powers, as well as extraordinary vocal flexibility. Braham lived till 1856, long enough to see and recognise his successor, Sims Reeves, who made his debut as a baritone at Newcastle in 1839, but afterwards, in 1847, appeared as a tenor at Drury Lane Theatre, and by reason of his beautiful voice, combined with a sympathetic delivery and perfect intonation, soon became the most popular singer of the day. Some of Handel's bravura songs, which it had been customary to omit,

on account of their difficulty, were revived by Mr. Reeves, and executed with apparent ease and perfect success. Amongst the native singers of the century occur the names of Catherine Hayes, Louisa Pyne, Sainton-Dolby, Poole, Patey, Hobbs (singer and composer), Lockey, Phillips, Leffler and Weiss, who all attained to fame in their several departments. Of church composers mention must be made of Wesley, father and son, pre-eminent as organists and composers; of Goss and Smart, and Hopkins. In the operatic branch John Barnett comes first in chronological order, his opera, *The Mountain Sylph*, excited hopes which, for some reason, were never fulfilled. Loder, Rooke, Balfe, Wallace and Goring Thomas all did good work, and with better opportunities and a more appreciative public, would have raised the standard of English theatre music. The composers of our own time are provided with facilities for acquiring technical skill and knowledge which were never within the reach of their predecessors, and a hopeful dawn appears to be breaking. Let us trust that the opportunity will bring forth the genius capable of profiting by the occasion; music, without inspiration, is no better or more engaging than an abstruse mathematical problem. Schools of music abound. There are in London the Royal Academy, the Royal College, the Guildhall School of Music, and others, where every encouragement is offered to the would-be musicians. The Royal Academy, founded in 1823, has had a series of distinguished Principals: Dr. Crotch, Potter, Lucas, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, and Mackenzie, the present head of the Institution. Of those who have passed away, Sterndale Bennett was the most gifted and the most distinguished; his pure and graceful compositions endear him to the memory of all capable of appreciating delicacy and refinement, qualities a little apt to be underestimated in these strenuous days.

The delicate task of speaking of the merits and qualifications of living musicians must be reserved for a future occasion. Suffice it to say that the present *dramatis personae* are in all probability making history which will hereafter bear favourable comparison with the past.

Three Wisley Champions

SERGEANT-INSTRUCTOR WALLINGFORD, the youngest instructor at the Hythe School of Musketry, has just distinguished himself by winning for the fourth time in succession since 1894 the Gold Jewel and Championship of the British Army. The contest is always so keen that in no instance except those of Captain Lamb, who won it in 1891 and 1895, and Sergeant Wallingford has the same man won the Gold Jewel twice. To his aggregate of 236 made on Friday, Sergeant Wallingford added 289 on Saturday, making a grand aggregate of 575 in the two days' shooting out of the possible 630. Besides the Gold Jewel, Sergeant Wallingford secured the first money prize, 15*l.*, and a special prize given for the best aggregate at the longest range, 600 yards. The second prize, a silver jewel and 10*l.*, was gained with a grand aggregate of 564 (11 points lower) by Sergeant Percy, 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment. For the Bronze Jewel and 7*l.*, forming the third prize, there was a tie between Lieutenant Etches, 2nd Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment, and Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Davidson, Hythe Staff, with 561 points, the former winning the third prize on shooting off. The Score Board shows an unprecedented series of maximum scores made on Saturday at the 500 yards target by Major Cowan, Sergeant-Instructor Percy, and Colour-Sergeant Mays.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Charles Knight.

500YDS TARGET										LETTER	
Major Cowan	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	35	
S. I. M. Percy	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	35	
C. S. Mays	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	35	

A RECORD SCORE BOARD FOR THE 500YDS. RANGE



Sergeant-Instructor Percy, 2nd East Surrey Silver Medallist and N.R.A. Bronze Medallist Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, Hythe Staff Gold Medallist Lieutenant Etches Bronze Medallist

THREE CHAMPION SHOTS



On June 24 a general celebration in memory of Bismarck was held by the students of Germany. Representatives from all the Universities, except Würzburg, assembled at the mausoleum at Friedrichsruh, where each delegation deposited a wreath with an accompanying motto expressing its admiration of the great statesman or its patriotic resolution. The "Bismarck song" was sung with the greatest enthusiasm,

and an address was delivered by one of the delegates, to which Prince Herbert Bismarck replied in a short speech, thanking them for their warm sympathy and bidding them follow the words inscribed over his father's grave and keep true to their Emperor and the German Empire

THE BISMARCK CELEBRATIONS: GERMAN STUDENTS BEARING WREATHS TO THE MAUSOLEUM AT FRIEDRICHSRUH

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

The Carlton Hotel

WHEN "Her Majesty's Opera House" in the Haymarket was pulled down a few years back, the space occupied by that vast building was divided into two parts. That to the north was



THE HOTEL VIEWED FROM PALL MALL

subsequently covered by the handsome structure known as "Her Majesty's Theatre," and the southern is now occupied by the Carlton Hotel, although not isolated completely, inasmuch as its northern end abuts upon the theatre, yet it is a most commanding situation, presenting two unbroken lines of frontage, one towards the Haymarket and forming a continuation of the

cating with the principal corridors of the building, and also with a court with a glazed roof supported upon marble pilasters of the Ionic order. Windows from the staircase and passages, and some of the apartments look out into this courtyard, which is filled with palm trees, and a series of glazed doors open from the ground floor into



THE PALM COURT AND LOUNGE

the various reception rooms. The great *salon à manger* is immediately opposite to the entrance, and on the left or west side of the court is the remarkably elegant dining-room called "Charles II. dining-room" from the style of architecture adopted in its details and decorations. The other rooms in this suite are treated in the same manner, with carved woodwork painted pure white. The



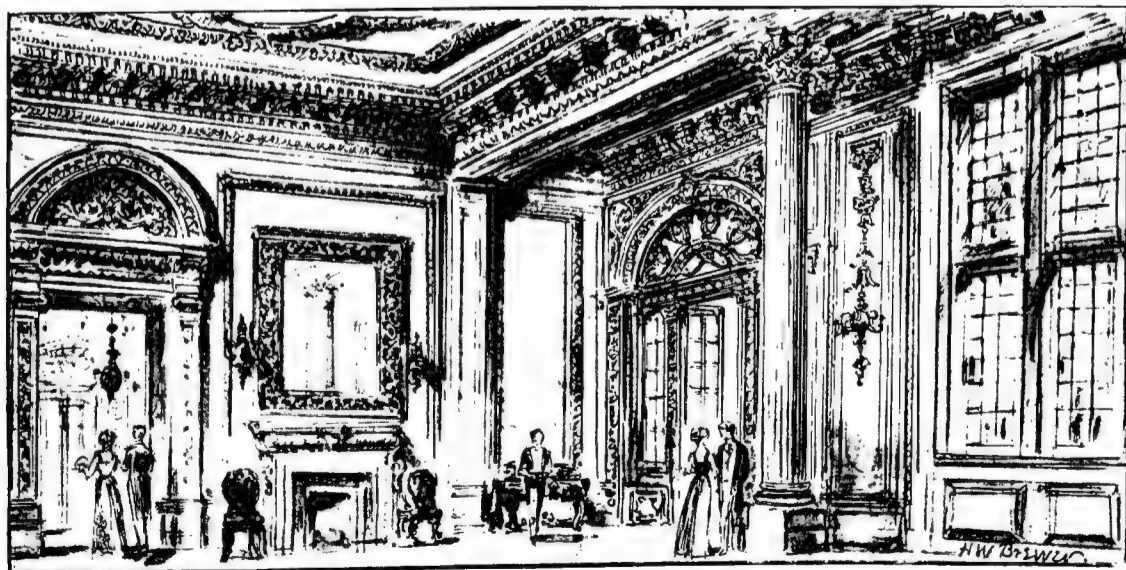
THE SMOKING-ROOM

point of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the other looking upon Pall Mall.

The eastern side of the building is treated as a continuation (architecturally) of the late Mr. Phipps's design, and is in reality the completion of the composition of which the theatre was the commencement. This has given an opportunity of erecting a striking

reading-room, occupying the south-west angle of the building, is a very pleasant apartment.

To the right or east side of the court are the smoking-rooms, cut off by a vestibule from the rest of the building, and treated in a very distinct manner. The walls, doors, &c., are all paneled in dark oak, and the style adopted is the Jacobean. The chief



THE CHARLES II. DINING-ROOM

colonnade running the whole length of the principle floor of the two buildings.

Internally, of course, there is little similarity, as the purposes of the two structures are so very dissimilar. Upon entering the hotel from Pall Mall one is admitted into a spacious vestibule communi-

smoking-room has a vast fireplace, with large ingle-nooks, where men may sit and smoke, and dream that they are in some "ancient country hotel." The interior of the building was designed by Florence, and the decorations carried out by Messrs. Waring and Co.

Notes from the Magazines

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

"THE avowed belief, the expressed hope," says a writer in the *Contemporary*, "of all the friends of the officers who are to try Dreyfus at the coming court-martial is that they will commit the 'inexpiable crime of condemning the innocent with cold deliberation.'" The reason for this is not far to seek. According to M. Drumont—

The acquittal of Dreyfus will be the condemnation of the men of patriotism and of heart who discharged their duty in causing to be prosecuted and in guarding on the Devil's Island the scoundrel who had betrayed his country. The confirmation pure and simple of the decree pronounced against a traitor, whose guilt is evident to everyone, will be the clearing of those excellent people from calumnies whom the Jews have been dragging in the mud for two years.

In England we have a better opinion of the sense of justice of the unfortunate victim's judges. Dreyfus has been declared by a civil court not guilty of the charges brought against him four years ago, and it is difficult to believe that the court-martial can bring forward anything to upset that verdict, while the idea of his being re-convicted on new charges is hardly to be tolerated. Still it cannot be denied that in France earnest people are not over-sanguine as to what is to come, nor is this wholly to be wondered at.

M. Clémenceau recently narrated the case of a reserve officer who declares that he is convinced that Dreyfus is innocent, but is sure that the court-martial will none the less condemn him again, and adds: "I would condemn him myself if I were member of the military tribunal, innocent though I believe him to be." This is significant and characteristic. General Mercier, in a speech which he delivered in the Horticultural Hall on Saturday, said, in reference to the court-martial at Rennes: "Light will be poured in—complete light; the witnesses, in the foremost rank of whom my functions have placed me, will speak the entire truth. As for myself, I bind myself to do so—yes, come what will, everything will become known, everything, everything, everything." M. Jaurès, writing in the *Petite République*, says: "There are in the highest ranks of the army criminals who do not yield to evidence. Despite the certain innocence of Dreyfus, despite the decree of the Court, their dream is to condemn him anew, and one hears them already panting over their prey."

Whether in such case France would allow a military clique to over-ride her is another matter. If not, revolt against military despotism might herald worse tragedies even than the famous "affaire."

THE DOMINION OF SOUTH AFRICA

In a very sober, well-reasoned article in the *Fortnightly Diplomatic* analyses the Transvaal Crisis. It is our duty to give, as Sir Alfred Milner asks, he says, a "striking proof" that we do not intend to relinquish our supremacy, and in demonstrating our supremacy we shall be acting in the best interests of South Africa.

The great need of the local Colonies and States is Confederation. They require it even more than Canada and Australia, for, as Sir George Grey always insisted, they have a formidable native problem to deal with which, in the years to come, will tax all their united energies. The one hope of confederation lies in a firm enforcement of the British supremacy. When once the Transvaal is made to feel that the suzerainty is a real thing, there will be a chance for the Dominion of South Africa, but, if the suzerainty is abandoned, the Dominion will never be. It may be doubted, indeed, whether in that event a British South Africa would long endure.

The Boers do not want war, and have "nothing but an impracticable aspiration to fight for, so it behoves us to be firm for at least the principle of Sir Alfred Milner's scheme." President Kruger is far too astute a man to deceive himself as to its effect, and if he knows it will not jeopardise the Republic and the preponderance of his people, he is not likely to resist it by a war—which would inevitably destroy both.

"LORD'S"

In the *Illustrator* may be found a very interesting account of "Lord's" and the M.C.C., beginning on the day when one Thomas Lord, engaged at the White Conduit Club in the dual capacity of half attendant and half bowler, was requested to prospect the neighbourhood for a new ground. He selected the space now known as Dorset Square, and Lord's Cricket Ground came into being. Two years later, in consequence of a demand for increased rent, it moved to North Bank, only a few hundred yards from its present position, and thus very quickly migrated to its present abode.

No body exercises more unlimited sway than the M.C.C. It is the parliament of cricket, but requires no policemen to enforce its laws. The constitution of the Club is absolutely informal; there is nothing to prevent any club from arranging to play not according to M.C.C. rules. But just because its rule is so light rebellion against its decrees is never dreamed of.

The founders of the Club seem to have been enamoured of the turf of the old ground at Dorset Square, because they brought it with them when they removed to North Bank and again transferred it to the present ground.

Batting at Lord's cannot have been half so pleasant an occupation thirty years ago as it is to-day. W. G. Grace often tells of an experience he had while playing for the M.C.C. against Yorkshire in 1870. The bowling was bumpy and kicking in the most unexpected directions. Most of the players were literally black and blue before the game ended, and one ball hit W. G. so hard on the elbow that it flew up into the air and gave him time to score a run before it descended. It is on record that in one Gentlemen v. Players match the Gentlemen owed their victory entirely to the fast bowling of Mr. Harvey Fellows, who, finding an old-fashioned Lord's wicket, first hurt his opponents and then got them out.

The M.C.C. has now said good-bye to all financial troubles. Its income is over 30,000*l.* year. At the time the new pavilion was built it was thought desirable so raise 10,000*l.* by admitting a hundred members on payment of 100*l.* each. The difficulty was not to find a hundred persons willing to avail themselves of this opportunity of membership, but to select the hundred from the numbers who applied. At the present day, under ordinary circumstances, no one can hope to be elected for at least thirty years after his name has been put down for membership. Of course special provision is made for the election of promising young cricketers, and youthful Blues, or any young amateurs who have proved their worth, are always sure of immediate election.

Over forty professionals are engaged at Lord's, many of whom earn as much as 10*l.* a week. The ground bowlers are paid from thirty shillings to 2*l.* 12*s.* a week, and these wages are, of course, largely supplemented by tips. For country matches the professionals receive 6*l.* a match, and 2*l.* for each match played at Lord's. The M.C.C. defray the expenses of all the county teams which play against the Club at Lord's, but when an M.C.C. team travels to play a match against a county, all its necessary expenses are paid out of the Club's exchequer.

EXTREME OBESITY IS BECOMING A THING OF THE PAST.

INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

MANY of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been effected by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Baker Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is a fact that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been realised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. The sufferers who have an opportunity of judging for themselves, through the pages of society papers and reviews, that, owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is no longer a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and, no doubt, it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful as the use of an eighteenth edition of the author's daily convincing little text-book, "Corpuscles and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached a far more remote from those of West End London. The book of 250 pages may be had post-free, sending four penny stamps to Mr. Russell's address, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden that not merely because it is unseemly and adds to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary, in these days of competition, to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents testify to their delight at being enabled—within a very short period and without any irksome conditions—of a semi-starvation—to attack their accumulated tasks with pleasure instead of wearied distaste, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, of course, to the English hatred of mystery, which is rarely swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his modus operandi and supplies the recipe for his preparation.—*Bicester Herald*.

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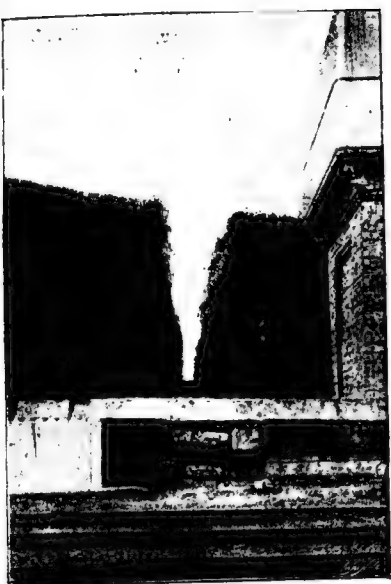
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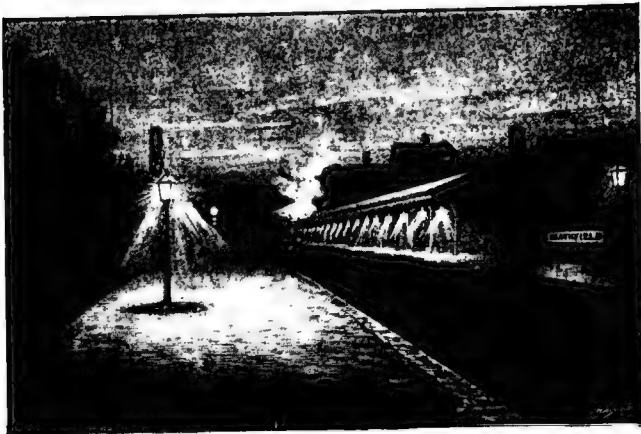
Natural Gas in Sussex

The first record of the discovery of a natural inflammable gas in East Sussex was in 1875. Another discovery occurred in the year 1895, when a deep artesian bore-tube (six inches in diameter) was sunk in a stableyard. At a depth of 228 feet the foreman of the work noticed that the water which had been put down the borehole to assist the working of the tools was "boiling." As he was about to lower a candle to discover the cause, the gas arising from the bubbles caught fire, and burnt "to about the height of a man." Subsequently the foreman attached small tubes and ignited the gas at a distance of fifteen yards from the borehole.



THE ESCAPE

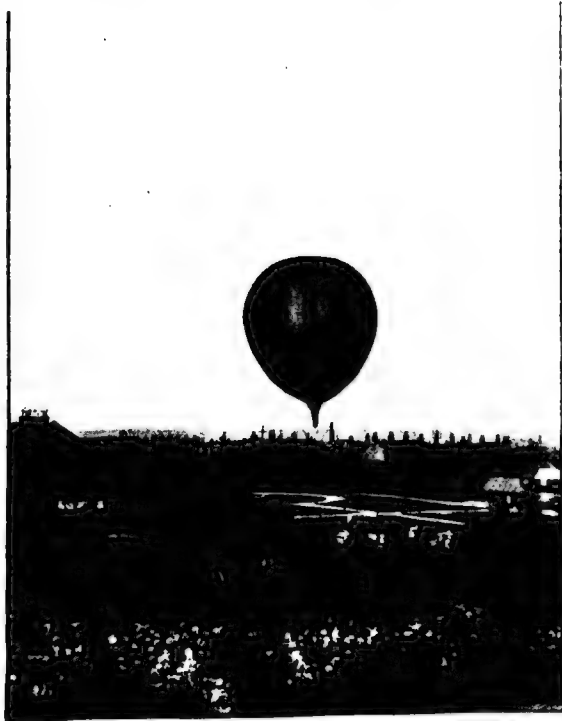
The third and last discovery was made in August, 1896, at a site about one hundred yards distant, on lower ground than the last, in the railway-cutting



HEATHFIELD STATION LIGHTED WITH NATURAL GAS

between the north-eastern end of Heathfield Railway Station and the mouth of the tunnel, by the side of the permanent way.

The latest development is that the gas shows no sign of abating, the railway company have at last determined to utilise it, and Heathfield Station is now lighted with it. This is believed to be the first practical usage of natural gas in Europe.



A curious experience befel two Bradford gentlemen last Saturday. A balloon ascent was announced from Bradford Moor Park. The aeronaut was Mr. Reuben Bramhall. Two gentlemen had arranged to accompany him, Mr. J. J. Schmidt and Mr. T. Croft. Everything was in readiness for a start a few minutes before seven o'clock; Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Croft were in the car, and Mr. Bramhall stood on the edge of the car as the word "Let go" was given. Just then a strong gust carried the balloon almost level with the ground against some laurel bushes in the park, and Mr. Bramhall was dragged violently from the balloon but alighted unhurt amongst the bushes. Mr. Bramhall weighs sixteen stone, and relieved of his weight the balloon rose with great rapidity. The two passengers seem to have behaved in an eminently practical manner. Neither had been in a balloon before. The balloon was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and by the time they were over Kirkstall, between Bradford and Leeds, they felt it would be impossible to attempt to alight for some time in this populous district, and so they threw out some ballast. After the balloon had passed a considerable distance from Leeds they resolved to drop. Mr. Schmidt took charge of the valve rope and Mr. Croft of the grapple. Almost before they knew it the grapple caught, and the balloon, which Mr. Bramhall says must have come down almost like a parachute, lay apparently half emptied of gas and only bumping slightly upon a wheat crop, and the two thankful passengers were standing on terra firma. They had come down at Bramham, near Boston Spa.—Our illustration is from a Photograph by A. E. and C. Fox, Bradford

A RUNAWAY BALLOON

The Benson Memorial in Canterbury Cathedral was unveiled by the Duchess of Albany, as described in "Court," is a beautiful piece of sculpture, taking the form of an altar tomb. It is erected against the wall of the north-west tower, close to the spot where rest the remains of Dr. Benson, the first Archbishop buried in the Cathedral since the interment of Cardinal Pole. The altar tomb is surmounted by a slab of Irish black marble, on which the effigy lies under a lofty canopy. In the pediment of the canopy is a group in high relief representing the resurrection of our Lord. The panelling at the back under the canopy is painted and gilded, and bears on scrolls, texts and mottoes, for which directions were left by the late Archbishop. The Archbishop is represented clad in the Westminster cope, with pastoral staff, the hands together raised in the attitude of prayer. By broad and simple treatment Mr. T. Brock, R.A., the sculptor of this figure, has succeeded in conveying a sense of peace and repose, while in the features he has admirably portrayed the lofty and serene expression characteristic of the late prelate. The monument was designed by Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A.; Mr. T. Brock, R.A., designed the figures in the canopy; the enamels were made by Mr. Nelson Dawson.—Our illustration is from a Photograph by Collis, Canterbury

THE MEMORIAL TO ARCHBISHOP BENSON

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STERLING SILVER & "PRINCE'S PLATE."

The Public Supplied by the Actual Makers at Manufacturers' Wholesale Cash Prices, Saving all Intermediate Profits.

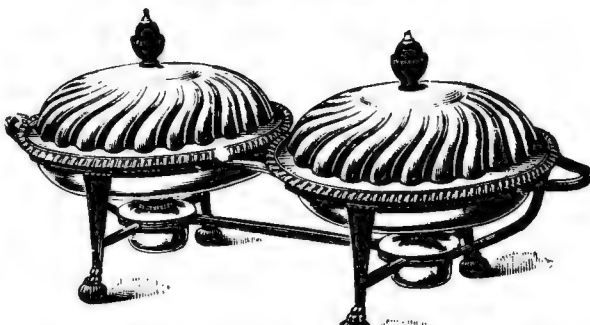
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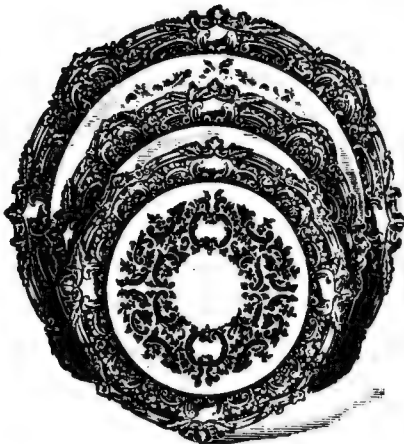
"Prince's Plate" Soup Tureen, Richly Chased in Style of Louis XV., with Revolving Cover, Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, 10 in., £10; 12 in., £12



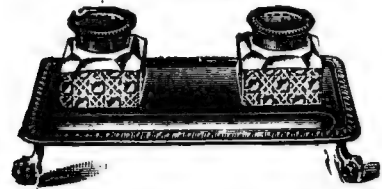
Sterling Silver Fluted Bowl and Plinth, for Flowers, Fruits, Punch, &c.
3 1/2 in. Diameter £7 15s
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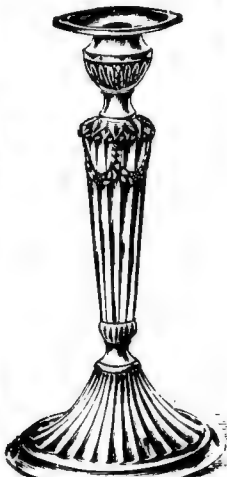
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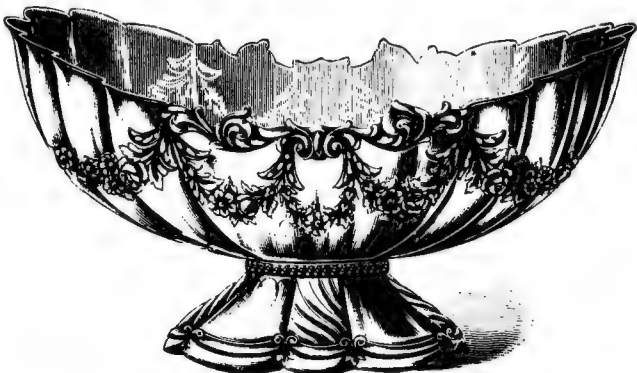
Sterling Silver Salvers, Richly Chased, in Style of Louis XV.
8 in. .. £7 15 0 .. £13 10 0
10 " .. 10 15 0 .. 16 16 0
12 " .. 12 15 0 .. 20 0 0



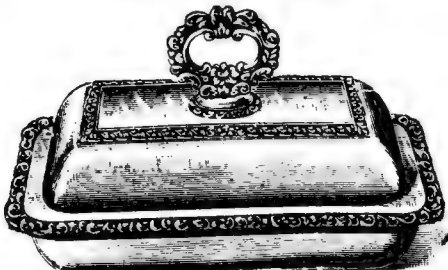
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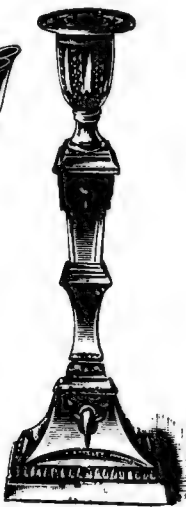
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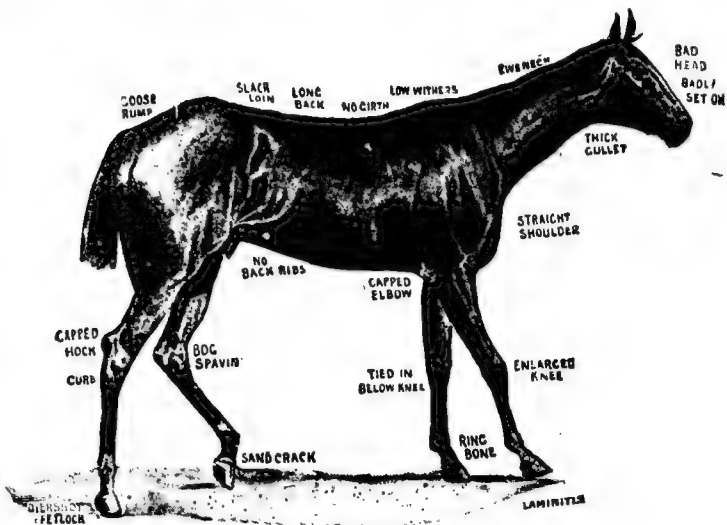
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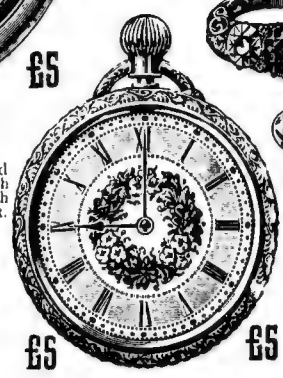
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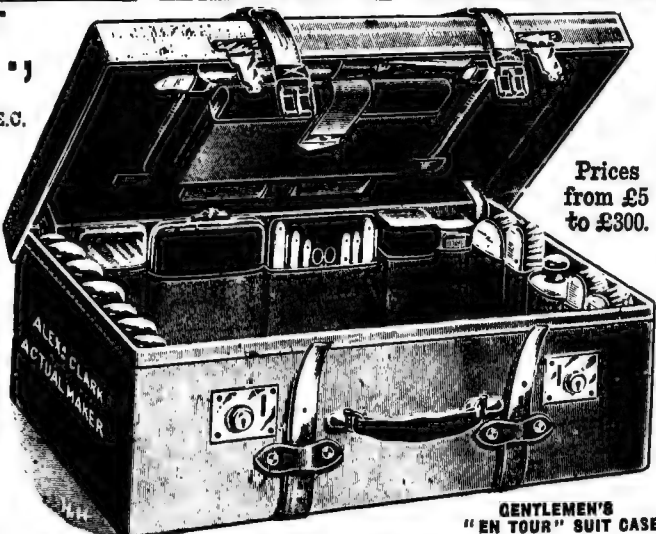
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"ADRIAN ROME" (Methuen and Co.), by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore, whose "Comedy of Masks" first proved their fitness for collaboration, is a fresh variation upon an old theme—the indispensable need of congenial collaboration in life, however it may be in the case of literature. Adrian Rome is a man of genius. But, as might well have happened, his inspiration is external to himself in the person of Sylvia Drew, who, refusing to become his wife lest marriage with one below him in station should be a drag upon him, sacrifices not only her own happiness but his career. The woman whom he does marry is eminently suitable to him in every respect save one—namely, the only one that really matters. The situation is interestingly worked out, and the tragic irony which destiny seems so often to indulge at the expense of the best people's best intentions, gives the effect of inevitableness to the story's apparently cruel close. What that close is the novel is well worth reading to learn.

"SILENCE FARM"

Mr. William Sharp's pen appears to be better suited for comedy than for tragedy. "Wives in Exile" was an admirable sample of his skill in the former; "Silence Farm" (Grant Richards) probably represents about his high-water mark in the latter, and we very much prefer "Wives in Exile" as being very good in its line, while "Silence Farm" is only moderately so. It would have been as easy for him as it would have been delightful to his readers to have made the remote Scottish farm, every feature and detail of which he depicts with the realism of a photograph and the spirit of a picture, the scene of such lives as are actually lived in such places. There need have been no lack of simple pathos any more than of simple humour. But, bent on tragedy, he has strained and coarsened his style to suit a plot which requires genius of a higher order than Mr. Sharp's, and more heroic circumstances, to excuse. In ordinary life, we imagine, the father of a young man and a young woman, thrown together as members of the same household, would not have left them in ignorance of their relationship—at any rate as soon as he saw signs of danger. We cannot call the novel a success: but in so far as it fails, it is the failure of an exceptionally able hand.

"WILLOWWOOD"

Esther Miller's "Willowwood" (Harper and Brothers)—so named in wildly inappropriate allusion to a passage in Rossetti's "House of Life"—is a study of the supreme height of selfishness to which an otherwise commonplace woman can contrive to rise. The adoring husband of Frances Deltry meets with a disfiguring accident. Frances readily accepts the self-sacrifice with which he sends her home to England from the Cape, and rewards his consideration for her feelings by ceasing to correspond with him, and marrying another very good fellow, passing herself off on him as a widow. Recognised by a blackguard who had known her as Mrs. Deltry, she buys his silence by permitting his marriage with her innocent young sister-in-law. Her first husband, chancing to meet her at a dinner party, completes his self-sacrifice by forthwith going upstairs and blowing out his evidently not very large allowance of brains. And so all would have gone well—for Frances, had she

not told her second husband the whole story, in the full belief that he would indulge her with a legal marriage now that she was free. That he promptly sends her about her business we need hardly say. There is plenty of scope left for a continuation. Many readers will want to know what became of the sister-in-law, as well as of an excellent clergyman, whose love affairs are troubled by the liability

with their sentiment, will find in the woes of Belle Wayland, the heroine of Miss Dora Russell's "Her Promise True" (Digby Long), an excellent provocative of comfortable tears. Parted from her faithful lover by the lies and forgeries of an unscrupulous aunt, which she only discovers when she has become the unloving wife of another, poor Belle finds the situation beyond endurance, qualifies as a divorcee, loses her restored lover by his death in the middle of their marriage service, breaks her own heart, and dies. A gentler story could not be more gently told.



SUMMER GOWN

Of soft white silk with fine black lace insertions, and threaded narrow black velvet ribbons. Yoke of white lace and silver sequins

of his fiancée or semi-fiancée, to acute attacks of spasmodic atheism. The whole story is interesting—which says much for the skill with which its plot is managed.

"HER PROMISE TRUE"

Soft-hearted persons, who do not object to a good deal of *chiffon*

"Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales"

AMONG the old books which age cannot stale is "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," and this new edition, published by Messrs. George Newnes, calls for no criticism only a warm welcome. It is a handsome quarto, printed in bold type on good paper, and contains upwards of four hundred illustrations by Helen Stratton. These illustrations deserve more than a word of praise. There has been a tendency of late to reprint the old fairy tales and to adorn them with archaic designs, which, while they may satisfy a passing craze, have no real merit, are little calculated to please children, and are often merely grotesque. Miss Stratton has wisely avoided affectation, and gone more on the lines of Mr. H. R. Millar, with entirely satisfactory results. She has felt the exquisite poetry of the tales, and never struck a wrong note in the pictures, and those who remember the wonderful delicacy and charm of Hans Andersen's stories will understand how much has been accomplished in producing two hundred illustrations which, so far from wishing away, one is delighted to have.

Guide Books

VISITORS to the Kensington Palace which the Queen has lately presented to the nation should take with them Mr. Ernest Law's "Historical Guide to the Palace" (George Bell and Sons). The book, which contains a number of illustrations, gives a most interesting history of the Palace in which the Queen was born, from its building in the reign of William and Mary down to the present day. The author tells his story in so entertaining a manner that the book makes very good reading, and, on putting it down, one's first impulse is to start at once to see this historic mansion. Mr. Law makes an admirable guide. He tells us all about the restoration of the building, the pictures, and the garden, and points out everything of interest. A new guide to London, edited by Rosalind Pritchard, makes its appearance under the title, "Pritchard's London and Londoners" (Scientific Press). Its avowed object is to enable a stranger visiting the metropolis to see and do what is best worth seeing and doing in a limited time. The author has provided a variety of information for the visitor, who will find in this little book advice as to shopping, lists of well-known doctors—specialists and others—brief descriptions of the sights of London, and even some hints on the ways of polite society, while ladies are instructed as to the dresses, &c., they are expected to wear on various occasions.

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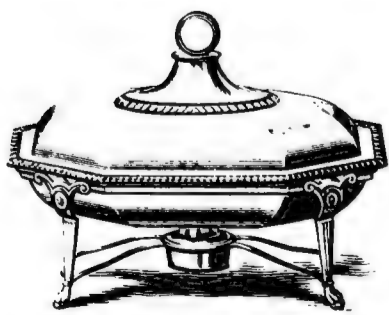
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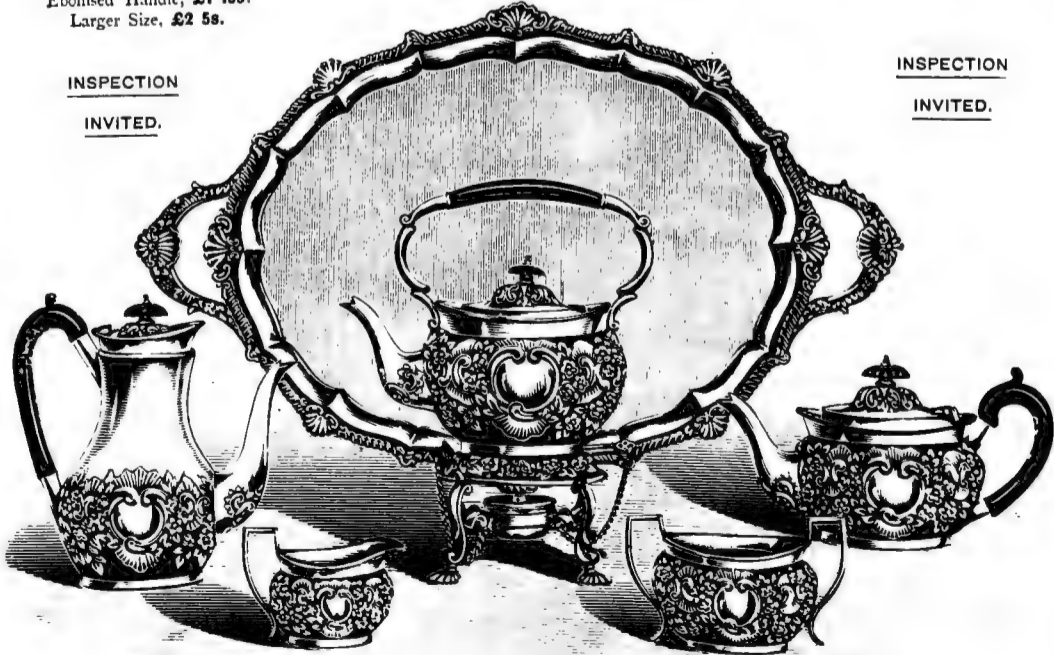
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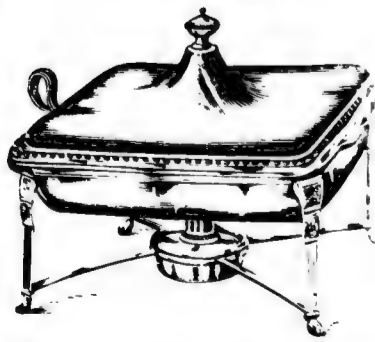
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A TOUR DE FORCE IN HOTEL EQUIPMENT

THE CARLTON HOTEL: BEGUN NOVEMBER, 1898, COMPLETED JUNE, 1899.

SOME OF WARINGS' ARTISTS



THE CARLTON HOTEL

IN those Oriental fables which are the delight of young and old, there is a story of a magician who conjured into existence a stately palace in a single night. Our more



prosaic times cannot compass anything quite so remarkable as that, and in the days of plasterers' and other strikes it seems extremely unlikely that such marvellous expedition will

ever stand the least chance of accomplishment. But Warings, the acknowledged masters of Decorative Art, have just done something which in its way is even more wonderful. It is more wonderful because it is true, whereas the narrative of the magician's palace was pure fable. Only a few months ago, the great Carlton Hotel at the bottom of the Haymarket was a mere shell, consisting of nothing more than walls and roof, and even these in an unclothed, uncovered, and unfinished condition. There were no drainage pipes, no plaster on the walls, no windows, no floors, no doors, no kind of fittings, no electric light wires put in—in fact, the whole place was in what may be called the embryonic stage of existence.

This was in November of last year; yet by June Warings had furnished those dry bones with the palpitating flesh of life and beauty. No feat as remarkable has ever before been accomplished in so short a time, and the secret of the unexampled rapidity lies in the fact that this enterprising firm, having been entrusted by the Directors with the entire contract, has carried out all the different works itself, and has, therefore, been able to avoid those delays and vexatious hindrances which always result when two or more rival firms are engaged in the same building. In the present case Warings are responsible for the whole of the sanitation, the engineering, the ventilating machinery, the kitchen apparatus, the telephone system, the electric light fittings, the heating arrangements, the decoration, and not least, the complete equipment and furnishing. For comprehensiveness no such large and important contract has ever been carried out by a single firm before—in fact, there is probably no other firm which has the resources to cope with all these different departments of enterprise and industrial activity.

Warings possess in their great factories at Lancaster, Liverpool and Hammersmith, which cover many acres of ground, all the latest appliances and labour-saving machinery by which work of the first quality can be turned out in the

most expeditious manner. At these works there are, as might be supposed, numbers of departments, each department being a complete factory in itself, with its own manager, its own organisation, and its own special machinery. Only resources of this kind could have enabled the firm to proceed concurrently with the different branches of the Carlton contract, and to bring them all, without hitch or mishap, to a simultaneous and brilliant completion.

It is not necessary at this time of day, to say much about the artistic work which Warings have done in this connection. Their reputation as masters in Decorative Art, stands too high to need any additional tribute. The only thing that need be said is that they have in the present instance struck a completely new note in hotel decoration. Their idea has been to produce something of exceptional refinement, pure and simple in detail, chastely harmonious in colour, and an agreeable contrast to that tendency to over-ornamentation, which has crept in of late in the case of many public buildings.

It is, however, with the work which does not present itself so much to the view, that experts will be chiefly interested. With regard to the sanitary arrangements, it is admitted by the scientific authorities who have inspected it that no finer plumbing work has ever been carried out, and it is impossible to produce anything which can possibly be superior as far as hygienic qualities are concerned. The important question of ventilation has caused the firm a great deal of consideration. Warings have happily solved the great problem, and by means of ingenious mechanical arrangements they have produced a scheme which will keep the public and private rooms of the hotel beautifully ventilated with pure fresh air without the least draught, and in winter without the slightest possibility of the introduction of the murky fog or damp which are so characteristic of the London atmosphere.

In this respect and in a number of others which it would take too much space to enumerate, the comfort, the convenience, and the health of those staying at the hotel have been consulted from every point of view. The telephone arrangements in each private room, the large proportion of bath-rooms, the absence of bedhangings in the bedrooms for hygienic reasons, the cool scheme of decoration in the restaurant in order to throw into best relief the dresses of the lady guests—these and many other points are illustrations of the thoughtful attention which has been bestowed in every direction in order to make the Carlton Hotel the most perfect and up-to-date of its kind.

It is, of course, to be a first-class hotel, as must inevitably be the case under such management as that of M. Ritz, of the famous Hotel and Restaurant Ritz, Paris, and M. Echenard, of the Hotel du Louvre and de la Paix, Marseilles. Its Restaurant will vie with the most famous dining and supper resorts in London, and superintended by the well-known chef, M. Escoffier, is certain to become the leading resort of fashionable society.

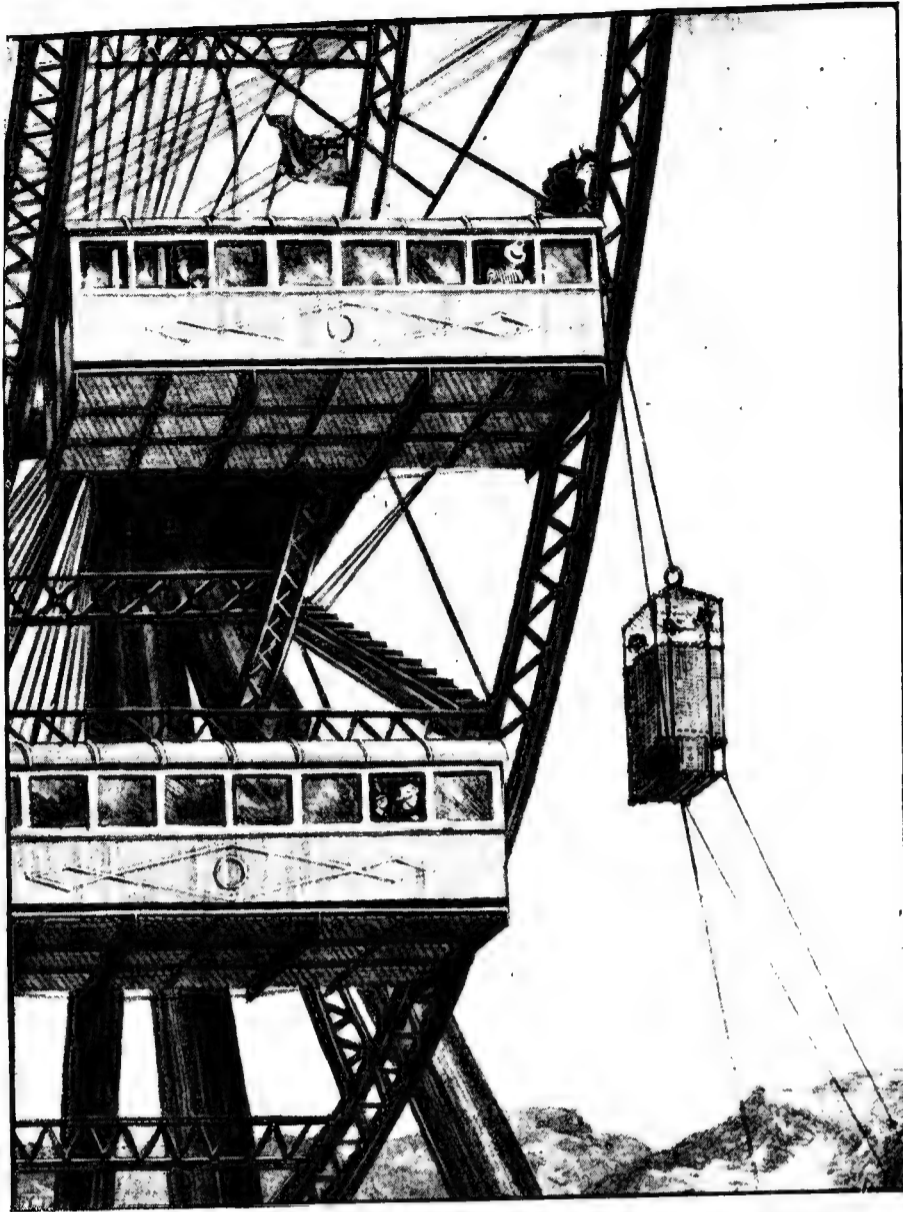
The Carlton, for the architectural arrangements of which Messrs. Florence and Isaacs are responsible, is, without doubt, the most artistic, the most complete, and the most luxurious hotel in Europe; and no small measure of its superlative excellence is due to the thoughtfulness, the resourcefulness, and the distinction of the great firm of Warings, who have in this work struck the new note for the twentieth century.



Unloading the Great Wheel

It is now some three years since the morning when London rang with the news that the Great Wheel had broken down for a night, and that the passengers had received five guineas each as compensation for spending some hours in mid-air. Its momentary weakness must have touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of the British public, for on the first occasion it was again at work a record number of visitors—over 11,000—crowded the cars, and from that moment its popularity may be said to have been assured. The Great Wheel has never repeated its youthful indiscretion, yet the management has not forgotten its one mistake, and believing that many persons were deterred from mounting through fear of a similar accident, they have devised a method by which the wheel can be unloaded even at a standstill, and all the passengers released with very little delay. The new device is called the emergency unloading gear, and is advertised as on exhibition at frequent, though, for obvious reasons, irregular intervals, for everyone who happens to be on the wheel when it is stopped receives a handsome compensation for his detention.

That the latest novelty introduced by the management will increase the popularity of the Great Wheel was a fact made evident to a *Graphic* representative who happened to be passing the other day when the wheel was stopped for the purpose of exhibiting the emergency unloading gear. Needless to say, no one knew of it beforehand, but suddenly the bell rang, an order was shouted, and the blue-jackets belonging to the staff of the Great Wheel turned out and began to prepare the emergency cage. One of their number meantime had started climbing the outer rim of the wheel until he came to a car where someone was willing to risk the descent in the cage. Letting down a rope he speedily pulled up and made fast the necessary tackle, and in a few more minutes the winch was at work hauling up the cage with a bluejacket within. The car was soon reached and two of its occupants were transferred to the cage and gently let down to the ground, and in another moment the wheel was again revolving, while a commissioner took his stand on the platform



THE GREAT WHEEL AT EARL'S COURT: THE EMERGENCY CAGE AT WORK.
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

and, as the passengers alighted, handed them a ticket, with the request to present it at the offices adjoining, for compensation for the delay of twenty minutes is paid to all the passengers, whether they use the cage or remain in the cars, the amount being two guineas to saloon passengers and one guinea to the others. A chat with the courteous chief engineer revealed the fact that this was the first occasion on which the wheel had been stopped and compensation paid, while a suggestion that the scheme might possibly come under the Lottery Act was met by the rejoinder that counsel's opinion had been taken, and was favourable to the company. There is every prospect therefore of the innovation becoming permanent, and of the Great Wheel continuing to break its own record, which at present stands at 13,328 passengers in one day.

SONGS OF THE DAY in Paris are especially amusing just now, when there are so many sensations as topics for the popular street ballad. "Vive Loubet" is a ditty much appreciated, with its cynical suggestion "Faut souf'rir le gouvernement de son pays—tant qu'il existe." More popular is "Vive la Liberté," describing the perplexities of a patriot afraid to cry vive anything lest he should get into trouble. There is plenty of songs about Major Marchand, which the English are handled with neither truth or politeness, such as "La Marseillaise de Marchand" or "La Mission Marchand," which asserts "Gloire à Marchand, le soldat héros. Qui sut braver la fureur des Anglais, l'indignant: Sur la terre d'Afrique, A Fachoda, ne viendrez jamais." Dreyfus has his turn, the "Histoire d'un Innocent" and a big popular puzzle, "Jeu de l'Afrique Dreyfus et la Vérité."

AFTERNOON TEAS IN FASHIONABLE TEA-ROOMS and ATLANTIC SOCIETY are much enlivened just now by the popular fad for telling fortunes in a teacup. Special teacups are sold for the purpose, very wide and deep, and having the inside covered with a network of lines and a border of the signs of the Zodiac and various astrological emblems. When the guest has finished his or her tea, the hostess solemnly examines the position of the tealeaves in connection with the lines and signs, and foretells the future accordingly.

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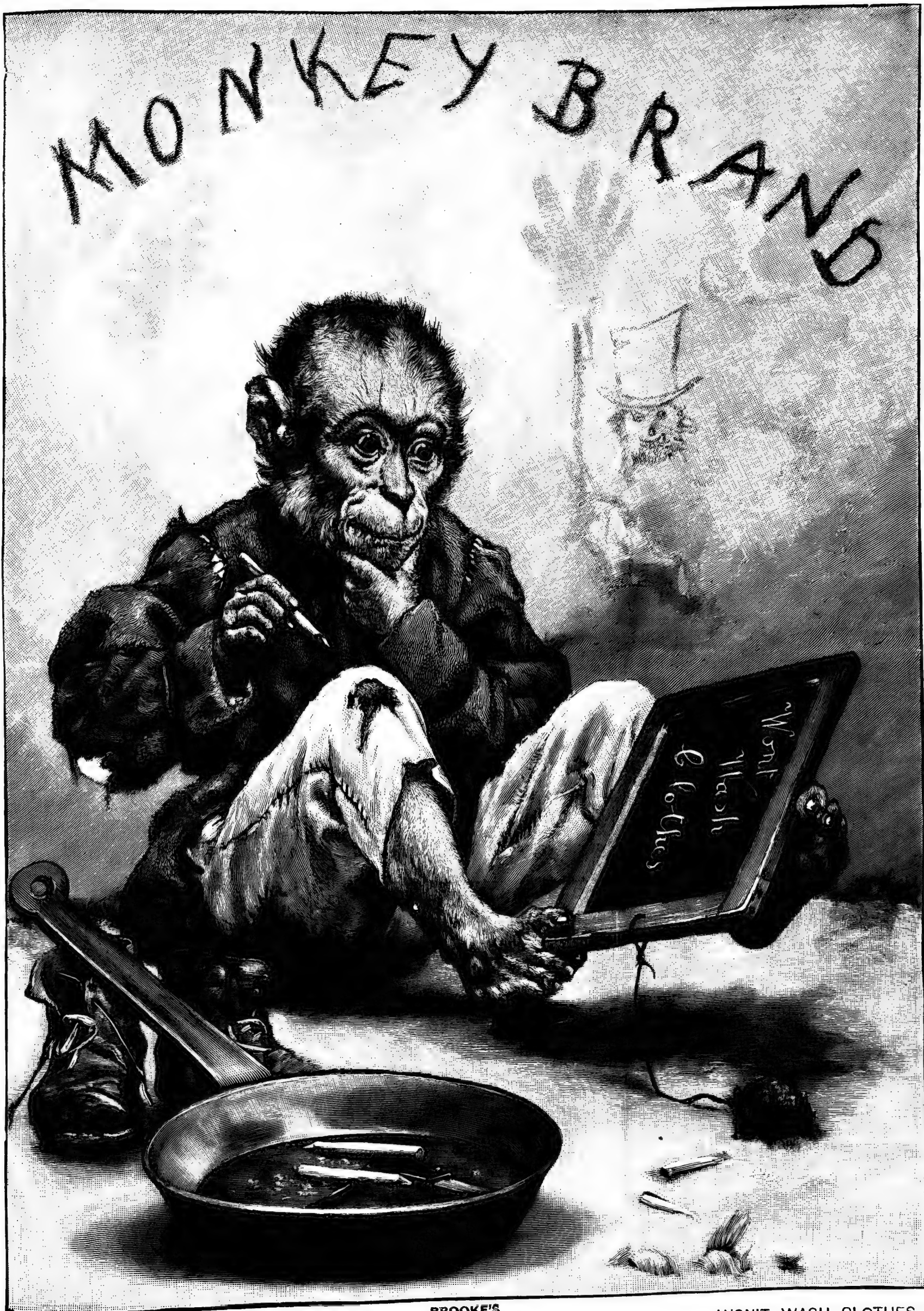
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REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, VARNISH, &c.

The "Anglo-Saxon"

IF fine feathers always made fine birds Lady Randolph Churchill's new quarterly would be unrivalled. The very beautiful leather cover in which it is bound is decorated all over with leaves, buds, tendrils, and flowers, triple dots, rings, small quartrefoils, and a five-petalled flower, and is a careful copy of the binding of Thevet's "Vie des Hommes Illustres" (Paris, 1584), which was executed about 1604 for James I., who seems to have had a pretty taste in book-binding. As a work of art, though, the volume loses considerably by having plain edges, instead of the decorated edges of its model. But to go beyond the cover is to find the *Anglo-Saxon* unsatisfying. It has the stamp of solid literature about it, and some of the distinguished contributors, for the writers make a goodly roll, seem to have been worried into dulness by the fear of not producing work sufficiently permanent and durable to warrant its being handed down to posterity. The story by Mr. Henry James is so bewildering that only after two or three determined efforts is it possible to grasp any coherent thread, so overriden is it with its author's mannerisms in their most exaggerated form. Those who persevere through and wrench the heart out of it will find the idea extremely clever. Mr. Swinburne's new poem on Nelson is a valuable and delightful contribution, full of music and patriotism, and one would like to speak highly of Mrs. Craigie's Romantic Play, *Osbern and Urysné*, but the words will not come. Excellent within certain limitations, Mrs. Craigie, like many another, seems only anxious to excel without these limitations, and the results—the little Spanish play at the St. James's and this new contribution to the poetic drama—have been wholly disappointing. Professor Lodge's paper on "Wireless Telegraphy" affords admirable reading, and is most suggestive and luminous. Mr. Gilbert Parker's contribution is in his most portentous vein. Perhaps the most notable essay is that contributed by Lord Rosebery. It has for its text Sir Robert Peel, but there is a great deal more to be read into it than analysis of that great statesman. It might better be called "Sir Robert Peel and the Post of Prime Minister," by "One Who Has Been There," and those who read it carefully will find more than sufficient to justify them in confirming the verdict of that shrewd observer, who once described Lord Rosebery as a Sphinx with moments of self-revelation. Sir Rudolf Slatin, the Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Elizabeth Robins, these are among other contributors, while the illustrations comprise a beautiful series of reproductions of old portraits. The *Anglo-Saxon* has been called another *Yellow Book*, but this is not just. It radiates respectability.



In view of the controversy between this country and the United States with regard to the boundary between Alaska and British Territory the accompanying photograph from a Klondyke correspondent is of interest. It shows the boundary line on the summit of the White Pass; the Union Jack is in British Territory and the Stars and Stripes in the United States. The men standing by are members of the North-West Mounted Police.

THE UNION JACK AND THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE WHITE PASS SUMMIT
A BRITISH AND AMERICAN BOUNDARY

It is solid and sound, and if it proves a trifle dull, well dulness is sometimes the penalty paid for solid virtue.—(The *Anglo-Saxon Review*. A Quarterly Miscellany. Edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill. Vol. I, June, 1899. John Lane, London and New York.)

Rural Notes

JULY

WITH a regularity which defies the vagaries of summer the white lilies blossom on the 1st of July. The heat has markedly increased by reason partly of stored warmth in June and partly by the average of the whole day being warmer. For the highest heat in any given day is, of course, in theory, belong to June, and especially to seven days from the 20th to the 27th, when the sun is at his highest. With July he begins to lose ground in this respect, and the days shorten. It is only for a brief fortnight that there is no real night. July heat, 62.4 deg., on average, would not exceed August, of which the average is 61.6 deg., but for the fact that in our northern climate the end of August is often quite autumnal, and cold currents begin to set in. The barometer falls a little in June, but 29.96 is averaged. The sunshine record is 166 hours against 170 in June. The rainfall is, on an average, as heavy thunderstorms are never over escaped, and these will often give in twenty-four hours. But in July, 1898, only 2.4 inches fell, and there are many wheat farmers who connect this fact with the heavy crop of that year. But wheat yielded very well in 1894, when July had only inches of rain. The hottest places in England in July are not to be found in Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, as most people suppose, but in an inland district stretching from Windsor on the west to Chichester on the east, and from Hertford on the north to Exeter in the south. Cornwall is a whole degree cooler than Devon, the Isle of Wight a degree cooler than the rugged mainland of Hampshire. Tourists seldom notice these facts.

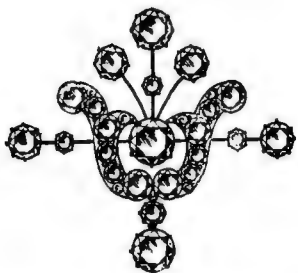
THE SEASON

The heavy thunderstorms with which the present season began refreshed the fields and did little but good except though it lodged some of the wheat and can scarcely be said to have favoured the strawberry beds. The wheat harvest is expected to begin in Sussex on the warm southward side of the Downs on the last day of July (which is a Monday) farmers liking to commence a working week with harvest hiring of extra hands. There are a few fields of winter oats which will probably be cut on the 17th, from the same day will begin the reaping of the rye. The promise is now of an average crop of wheat, but it is not likely to be a full yield of straw. Barley is a night later than wheat on most farms, and the crop is very irregular, both very good and very bad fields being easily discovered. The fact is that land which recovered from the unfavourable May has come on splendidly since, but that much of the barley area never has recovered from that fatal set-back. Oats are inferior to both wheat and barley at present, but a liberal rainfall this month would give them greatly improved chances, and it is to be remembered that they are specially grown in places where July has a very full rainfall.

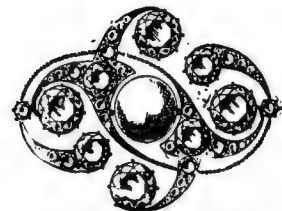
SUMMER RAINS

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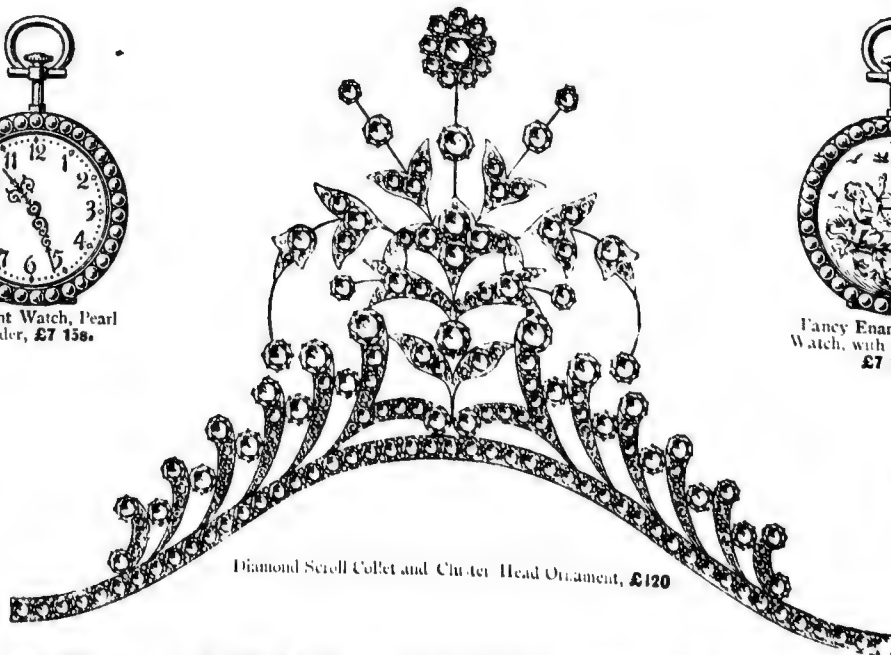
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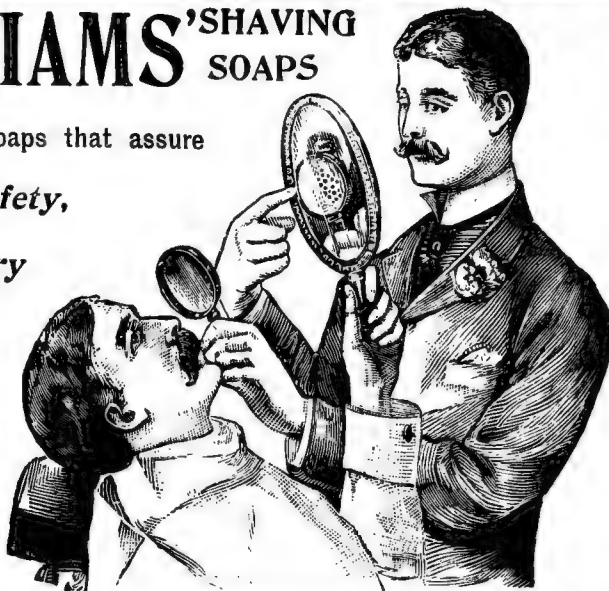
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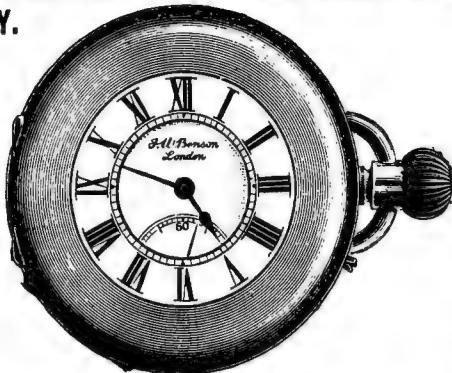
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risk of having the summer holiday spoilt by rain, while the east coast from Clacton the democratic to eclectic Scarborough, is credited with a happy immunity from whatever god is signified in our latest folk lore by the Rain Cloud. The wet districts do, as a matter of fact, lie in the west, but they are easily marked and avoided. They include Dartmoor, which arrests the west wind's rains, and they embrace nearly all the Welsh counties of Merioneth and Cardigan, with the Snowdon district to the north of Merioneth. The Lake district is even wetter than Wales, and the rainfall of July on Windermere is just double that of London. The Peak district is also very wet in July, four inches falling at Buxton. But coming to the coast places, there is practical identity of summer rainfall at Falmouth, avoided because it is in rainy Cornwall and at Scarborough already referred to. Similarly Yarmouth is not appreciably drier in July and August than Torquay or Ventnor or the Lancashire watering-places. The three absolutely driest seaside places in England in July are Southend, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate. We may add that the London average for July rainfall is not exceeded in this month on the east coast of Ireland, in Anglesey, or in the Isle of Man. Traditional prejudices on the subject of "wet places" require to be thoroughly overhauled.

Scotsmen may be supposed to know their own geography better than Southrons, but they certainly display, in holding a Highland Show at Edinburgh, an elastic notion of what constitute the Highlands. Be that as it may, the recent big show at Edinburgh has been a great success. The visit of the Prince of Wales to Maidstone in July did not prevent there being an under average attendance on the day which he patronised, while "all Edinburgh" is described as being at the Show when H.R.H. visited it, and we noted that Leith market was described as being "simply deserted" on this account. Is Edinburgh more loyal than Maidstone? There is no reason to suppose so, but it has an existence separate from London which the towns of the Home Counties nowadays have not. With respect to the animals paraded at Edinburgh it may be remarked that the Shorthorns were especially excellent, that the Clydesdale horses were a simply magnificent parade, and that the Border Leicester, the Cheviot, and the Shropshire sheep constituted between them the strongest exhibit of sheep ever seen in North Britain. Perfect weather and a colossal attendance made the Show an extraordinary success.

The supply of wheat for the completed half of 1899 has been rather ahead of the wants of the country, 15,292,000 quarters having been sold, against rather under fifteen millions required. The granary stocks, however, which consisted on the 1st inst. of 950,000 quarters of wheat, and 800,000 sacks of flour, are far from being heavy, the only drawback being the large supply of foreign flour, which throws thousands of millers' men out of employment, and causes a loss of the interest on the capital invested in expensive milling machinery. The receipts of maize and of feeding barley have been very large, and it is therefore all the more surprising that the stocks should be quite moderate; evidently the demand has been steadily good. Oats seem depressed as a trade, the weather reduces the sale, and it also tells against the inquiry for beans, peas, and lentils. It is curious that the vegetarian movement makes no perceptible headway. Certainly in the hot weather we, as a nation, eat far too much meat. Probably, as with teetotalism, the fault is in the fanatical element, for most advocates of vegetables being more largely used, attack meat-eating altogether.

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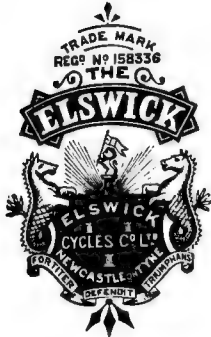
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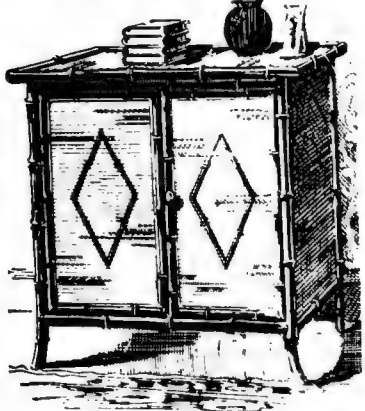
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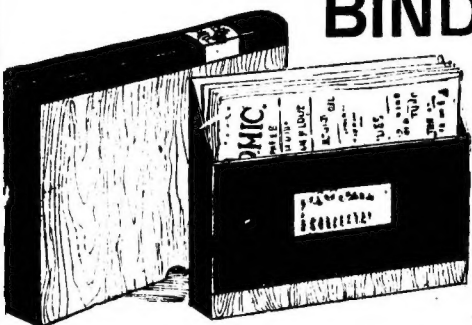
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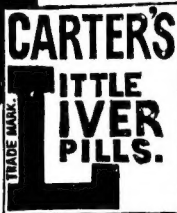
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